INTERNATIONAL EDITION

THE RAKE

MODERN VOICE OF CLASSIC ELEGANCE

SHARON STONE

Beauty and truth

SLIM AARONS: THE JET SET AT HIGH ALTITUDE

RAKE-IN-PROGRESS: PIPPA BENNETT-WARNER

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"BEAUTY LIES IN THE DETAILS OF
THE GRANDEST STRUCTURES,
AND THE FINEST."

ORA ÏTO,
CREATOR OF SHAPES, WEARS THE
VACHERON CONSTANTIN PATRIMONY.

VACHERON CONSTANTIN
GENÈVE

ONE OF
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Letter from the Founder

I am old. As our occasional contributor and rake about town Warren De Montague once declared, "But like the semi-desiccated grape Corvina, one of the multitude of varietals found in Amarone, I have only grown more intense". One of the benefits to my many years is that I can recall when casual nudity was commonplace, accepted and even admired. Topless sunbathing, in particular, was the de rigueur methodology for enjoying oneself while ensconced besides any body of water, from local swimming pool to the Adriatic Sea.

I recall with Proustian vividness being taken to a beach in France while a mere boy. There I came face to face with the mass of sun-browned corporeal flesh hewn by the only individual to surpass Bernini in his capacity to render beauty, the Great Creator himself. And even at that tender age, of 10, I knew I was experiencing something truly wonderful. It wasn't just the laidback toplessness and the plenitude of glistening décolletage visible in all directions, but the wonderful nonchalance with which those things were perpetuated. Magnificent breasts like the domed cupolas of Hagia Sophia were everywhere in the beach crowd, endowing their owners with a dignified nobility. A prevailing decorum was observed, with admirers never staring too long, only murmuring appreciatively to themselves "God is great" in the most respectful and chaste of voices. A quick Google search of 'Slim Aarons topless tanners' reveals the perfect representation of the mindset of the era: the young socialite Catherine Wilke mid-stride drinking what looks like either a piña colada or a daiquiri in Capri, Italy, in 1980, and doing so with a wonderful lack of self-consciousness. The image speaks of a more innocent time. A less judgmental time. A more inclusive time. This is the era in which our extraordinary cover star, Sharon Stone, rose to fame.

The first and most primordial nudists were Adam and Eve, who were basically rocking out with their proverbial cocks out amid the idealistic splendour of the Garden of Eden. But as retribution for eating of the Tree of Knowledge, they were cursed with self-consciousness and shame at their nakedness. Nudity's second greatest heroine is a fixture of Anglo-Saxon history, a woman whose old English name, Godgyfu, fittingly translated into 'gift of God'. She is better known in populist lore as Lady Godiva, a noblewoman of exceptional beauty who died between 1066 and 1086. Before she passed from the Earth, she left a lasting impression as a woman of great kindness and devotion to the people of Mercia, and was a major benefactor of churches. She was married to Leofric, the Earl of Mercia, who was by all accounts a bit of a bastard. His favourite activity was thinking of increasingly severe ways to tax the citizens of his city, Coventry.

The legend goes that Lady Godiva took such pity on her people's suffering under her husband's oppressive tax regime that she felt compelled to confront him. "Lower the taxes," she bade him. To which he replied, "Get bent". "Don't be a dick,

Leofric, just lower them," she beseeched. "Up yours," he would retort, storming away. Over and over again they argued, until finally he challenged her in the following way: he would lower the taxes but only if she agreed to ride through the town of Coventry devoid of an iota of accoutrement. In other words, bare-ass naked. Rather than shying away from the challenge, she immediately accepted. "Bring it on!" she shouted, banging the table and flinging off her silken robes before having her stallion saddled. To protect her modesty, a proclamation was passed that all townspeople should stay in their homes with their windows closed and blinds drawn, and should face the wall and hum showtunes to themselves. Everyone obeyed except the local tailor, who, in between sewing Milanese buttonholes, liked to ogle at connubially blessed lady folk.

Judging from renderings of Godiva — such as the statue by Sir William Reid Dick, unveiled in Coventry in 1949 — she was indeed smoking hot. But she was also the epitome of quiet grace, endowing her nude state with a profound dignity. In this one moment she connected us to our pre-original sin state of innocence and set in motion the entire movement of nudity, which reached its apogee in the carefree and libidinous seventies, when I was that 10-year-old boy surrounded by all manner of topless beauty on a Gallic beach.

Why is it that we've lost touch with nudity and, in particular, topless sunbathing? My theory is that we've been too busy fighting with each other. In the fight-or-flight mode, animals in nature automatically cover their reproductive organs to protect them. Indeed, sumo wrestlers learn from an early age to withdraw their testes into cavities inside their bodies lest they be crushed during their violent work. I believe the splintering, fracturing and divisions in society have caused us to heap more layers on ourselves as signs of protection. So isn't it time we all got past our differences? I dream of a day in which each body of water, from the public pool to the Adriatic Sea, is once more blessed with the nude human form, which in their best executions are the single greatest source of beauty in the world. Think about it. Ask yourself if there is anything from a pure aesthetic perspective that surpasses the magnificence of the naked human form. Alexander Calder, Constantin Brâncusi, even the Aston Martin DB4 Zagato or the most magnificently tailored garment — none of these comes close. Our cover star, Sharon Stone, is a symbol of hope that we can put aside our differences, accept each other, and, most importantly, start taking our clothes off again. I say this with the understanding that we are a magazine that perpetuates the beauty of style. Because the world was a better place when we were all clothing free.

—Wei Koh, Founder & Editorial Director
@wei_koh_revolution

Letter from the Editor-in-Chief

Welcome to the first issue of 2022 and our fourth annual women's issue. This is the launch of a new and exciting pillar of *The Rake*'s output, Mrs. Rake, where we see men's and women's elegance as entirely harmonius and compatible, and it is about time a magazine represented them together. I want to remind you, dear reader, that this is an issue dedicated to and about women, though not exclusively *for* women. Should you find yourself unable to be inspired, uplifted and energised by the extraordinary people in these pages, it is safe to say that every other issue of *The Rake* will not be for you, either. What is enjoyable about compiling the stories for this particular book is discovering who broke the mould, set themselves apart, and flourished no matter the societal pressures to conform.

And who, in the past 40 years, has personified these ideals better than Sharon Stone? If you think her contribution to the culture is merely a crossed-legs gimmick, you've not been paying attention. She is an activist and humanitarian unlike anything I have encountered in (and out of) Hollywood. Her work fighting Aids, helping the homeless, and providing mentorship and leadership for women is a parable of service and determination.

I am too young to be part of the *Basic Instinct* generation — the first of her movies I was allowed to watch was 1995's *The Quick and the Dead*. Given my impressionable age, the film ensured that the idea of a strong female lead was never a problem for me (ain't I great). Since then, Charlize Theron, Jennifer Lawrence, Gal Gadot and Daisy Ridley, to name but a few actresses, must surely understand on whose wake they surf. Sharon paved the way, and was derailed only by a sudden brain injury — from which her recovery was as inspirational as her initial rise. It feels as though there are few more appropriate women to grace the cover of this issue, and I enjoyed talking to her immensely.

I also spoke to other extraordinary women for this edition of the magazine, all of them uncompromising, respected and gifted. They include Pippa Bennett-Warner, the actress featured in our Rake-in-Progress column, someone who is almost ostentatiously talented and has been since her youth, when she was messing about in school plays with Emilia Clarke and an undiscovered talent named Tom Chamberlin. And Jemma Freeman, the Chairman of Hunters & Frankau, the 230-year-old importers of Cuban cigars to the U.K. — Jemma, like Queen Elizabeth (also celebrating an important milestone this year), was not necessarily intended for the role, but now she has it she reigns supremely.

Elsewhere, we have articles by the ever brilliant writer Stuart Husband, who kicks off the issue with a profile of the French singer-songwriter Françoise Hardy and continues with a feature on the photographer Slim Aarons — yes, another one on Slim, but this time with a focus on the slopes rather than the coast, and no less intoxicating. We also celebrate the humanitarian efforts of Vitale Barberis Canonico and the achievements in watchmaking of Bell & Ross and Leica.

I take inspiration from *The Rake*'s good friend Paul Feig, who advised me that in order to be of use to women, men shouldn't so much seek to help them but get out of their way. With that in mind, I can say this letter has gone on long enough, so without further ado, I shall get out of the way.

Enjoy the issue.

— Tom Chamberlin, Editor-in-Chief
@tfchamberlin

KIM LANG

Contributors

Rachell is an internationally renowned celebrity portrait and beauty photographer. She was born and raised in Wolverhampton, where her grandfather (who loved taking pictures of the family) introduced her to photography. After graduating from the London College of Communication, she went on to assist some of the world's leading photographers before setting up her own studio in London. Her modern

Eric Michael Roy is known for his celebrity and fashion advertising photography. "I have an obsession with creating captivating imagery," he says, "but I really take pride in cultivating a positive and creative on-set experience for my subjects and my teams. There is such beauty in the collaborative process of making my pictures." Born in New York to professional shooters, photography runs in Eric's blood.

Stuart's freelance forays to date have seen his baroque prose grace the pages of all the major British broadsheets, as well as magazines such as *Monocle*. Sir Michael Caine, Paulo Coelho, Dev Patel, Dame Vivienne Westwood, Amy Winehouse, Patricia Cornwell, Woody Allen and Lord Sugar have all been subject to his journalistic scrutiny. Stuart is never one to turn down a challenge, especially when it allows him to dip

The Luxembourg-born photographer Kim Lang had his first taste of the medium at an early age, as he travelled around the world during his childhood with his grandfather, who was an animal-documentary filmmaker. Moving to London at the age of 20 in 2010 set Kim on his own journey into the world of art, portraiture and fashion photography. Since then he has worked for independent

RACHELL SMITH

take on beauty and portraiture has been featured in a number of premier publications around the world, including *Glamour*, *Elle*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Allure* and *Vogue*. Rachell, who divides her time between London and New York, delivered this issue's beautiful main fashion shoot, 'If These Walls Could Talk' (page 92).

ERIC MICHAEL ROY

While learning the family trade, he found early success as an actor and musician, with starring roles on Broadway and in television and feature films. Eric has written and performed original music for film and T.V., and has travelled the world as a singer. Eric shot Sharon Stone for this issue's cover — his first outing for *The Rake*.

STUART HUSBAND

back into old passions and interests. This time we have played with his emotions: stories on the blue notes of French singer-songwriter Françoise Hardy (page 22) and the kaleidoscopic outlook of Slim Aarons on the slopes (page 78).

KIM LANG

and commercial publications alike, crafting eclectic imagery that evokes a sense of classic and conceptual art, and with a strong graphic composition. For this issue, Kim shot the British actress Pippa Bennett-Warner for our Rake-in-Progress interview (page 32).

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White vest, **Dolce & Gabbana**.

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ELLE BOUM; YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED;
WHY, WHY, WHY, DALILA?;
A DOG'S CHANCE IN HELL.

KIM LANG

BLUE-EYED GIRL

'What a person sings,' Françoise Hardy once said, 'is an expression of what they are.' Hardy, the acclaimed chanteuse, used sadness and light to turn the pop ballad into an art form.

by ***stuart husband***

On the evening of May 24, 1966, his 25th birthday, Bob Dylan was due to play his first concert in Paris. But there was a slight hitch: he was refusing to take to the stage of the Olympia theatre unless Françoise Hardy came to see him immediately. Though he'd never met her, he'd already penned a Beat poem tribute to her on the sleeve of his fourth album, *Another Side of Bob Dylan* ("for francoise hardy/at the seine's edge/a giant shadow/of notre-dame/seeks t' grab my foot/sorbonne students/whirl by on thin bicycles... ") Hardy obliged, and the gig went ahead. Later, she went with Johnny Hallyday to a gathering at Dylan's suite at the Hotel Georges-Cinq, where Dylan beckoned her into his bedroom, placed an advance copy of *Blonde on Blonde* on a turntable, and played her two songs: *I Want You* and *Just Like a Woman*. "His meaning could not have been clearer," she later told *The Guardian*. "But I was too busy listening intently to the songs, which sounded entirely different to anything I had heard before."

This anecdote — Dylan, helplessly besotted; Hardy, unwitting, preoccupied with chord changes — sums up the enduring allure of one of the most charismatic singers that France, or anywhere else, for that matter, has ever produced. She had shot to fame in 1962 with the self-penned *Tous les Garçons et les Filles*, which sold more than two million copies in France in 18 months — more records than Edith Piaf had managed to shift in 18 years. Hardy was immediately hailed as one of the leading lights of France's insurgent yé-yé pop movement, but it was quickly apparent that she had little in common with her anointed peers — the perky brashness of France Gall, say, or the bubblegum of Brigitte Bardot. Hardy's voice, plangent and elegiac, chimed with her subject matter; in *Tous les Garçons*... the singer finds herself wandering the streets alone amid a sea of couples ("Oui, mais moi, je vais seule par les rues, l'âme en peine/Oui, mais moi, je vais seule, car personne ne m'aime ...") . She professed an affinity with the French *chanson* tradition, in particular the songs of Charles Trenet, saying: "He teaches me more than the others because his music is sad and light." It was a description tailor-made for her own oeuvre; in hits like *Je Pense à Lui* or *Rendez-vous d'Automne*, the accent is always on the *pense* or the *automne*.

Hardy had the gift of sounding artless and untutored; likewise, her stunning beauty — the long, androgynous silhouette, the austere elegance, the preternatural poise — was all the more captivating for the fact that she seemed blissfully unaware of it. "She was the anti-Bardot," wrote *Vogue*, "rendering the exaggerated femininity of the sex-kitten old fashioned."

"She was the anti-Bardot, rendering the exaggerated femininity of the sex-kitten old fashioned."

Hardy's predilection for the plaintive had been instilled early. She was born in Nazi-occupied Paris in 1944, the daughter of Madeleine, a beautiful young working-class woman, and Étienne, her much older and wealthier married lover, who never lived with his secret family (much later, in her 2008 memoir, *The Despair of Monkeys and Other Trifles*, Hardy would write of her father's life as a closeted homosexual — he came out in his later years — and of her younger sister, Michèle, a paranoid schizophrenic who died in 2004). Her mother "lived like a nun", she told *The Guardian*, working long hours to pay for her daughter's convent education. Weekends at her grandparents' house failed to provide the shy, withdrawn Hardy with much respite: "My grandmother told me repeatedly that I was unattractive and a very bad person, which makes you think as a child that you will never meet anyone."

Into this constrained and claustrophobic atmosphere, she says, music burst in like a coup de foudre: "It was unexpected and it was love at first sight." Her errant father had bought her a guitar as a reward for excelling at the baccalaureate, and, despite only knowing three chords, she began writing songs obsessively in her bedroom, attending auditions before being offered a contract by the Disques Vogue label in 1961. She had been inspired by hearing the likes of Rosemary Clooney, Marty Wilde and Elvis beaming in from Radio Luxembourg, but already she was expressing a preference for ballads over bombast (one of her early favourites was the Everly Brothers' rueful *So Sad*, which she would eventually cover; it's no surprise that she

GETTY IMAGES

Françoise Hardy posing for a photoshoot in Italy, 1968.

Clockwise from top left: **In a scene from the film *Grand Prix*, 1966; with the Egyptian-French singer-songwriter Georges Moustaki at the Isle of Wight festival, 1969; and with the French jazz musician Marcel Zanini during the twinning of resort town Le Corbier with Saint-Germain-des-Prés in 1970.**

GETTY IMAGES

Hardy in 1966.

later extolled indie noise-pop melodists like the Jesus & Mary Chain and Cigarettes After Sex, as Hardy's purest *cris du coeur* were proto-shoegaze, decades before the term was coined). "She was the opposite of all the French teen artists trying to look and sound American," said the photographer Jean-Marie Périer. "Her melodies were ruminative. She didn't try to make anyone dance the Twist."

Périer worked for the trend-surfing music magazine *Salut les Copains*, and was Hardy's first serious boyfriend. His cover portraits for her stellar run of sixties hit singles — all thousand-yard stares, waterfalls of hair, and Rive Gauche elan — helped elevate her to icon status, and her ingenuousness made her muse-catnip for everyone from couturiers (she breezed effortlessly from a 35lb steel dress by Paco Rabanne, which needed adjusting with pliers, to Yves Saint Laurent's 'Le Smoking' tuxedo) to film directors: John Frankenheimer cast her as Antonio Sabàto's racer girlfriend in 1966's *Grand Prix* after spotting her on a London street as she exited a nightclub, while she made a notable cameo in Jean-Luc Godard's *Masculin Féminin* in the same year, every inch the latter in a white leather tunic and matching boots from Courrèges' Space-Age collection.

"I heard afterwards they were trying to figure out if I was interested in drugs or I wanted an affair with them."

Her first English-language hit, *All Over the World*, found Hardy in typically *rêveuse* mode ("All over the world/People must meet and part/There's someone like me/Feeling a pain in their heart") and brought her a new set of acolytes alongside Dylan. She had dinner with the Beatles. Mick Jagger described her in a magazine interview as his ideal woman. She hung out with David Bailey. And she received regular visits at her London hotel from a dizzily smitten Brian Jones. "When he introduced me to his girlfriend Anita Pallenberg, it took me a long time to realise they were totally out of it," she later recalled. "I never know how to take my leave of people, so that evening went on forever. I heard afterwards that they were trying to figure out if I was interested in the drugs or if I wanted to have an affair with them. Obviously it was neither of these! I was unbelievably innocent." This tendency to put the gauche into Rive Gauche perhaps helped inspire French teen pop magazine *Special Pop* to declare, in 1967: "Françoise manages to attract both kids and their parents, men and women alike. More than a singer, she's becoming a universal myth with whom thousands of young girls dream of identifying."

That myth was only squared when, in 1967, Hardy took

In front of the 'Pusterla dei Fabbri' in Piazza Sant'Ambrogio, Milan, in the 1960s.

EPOCA
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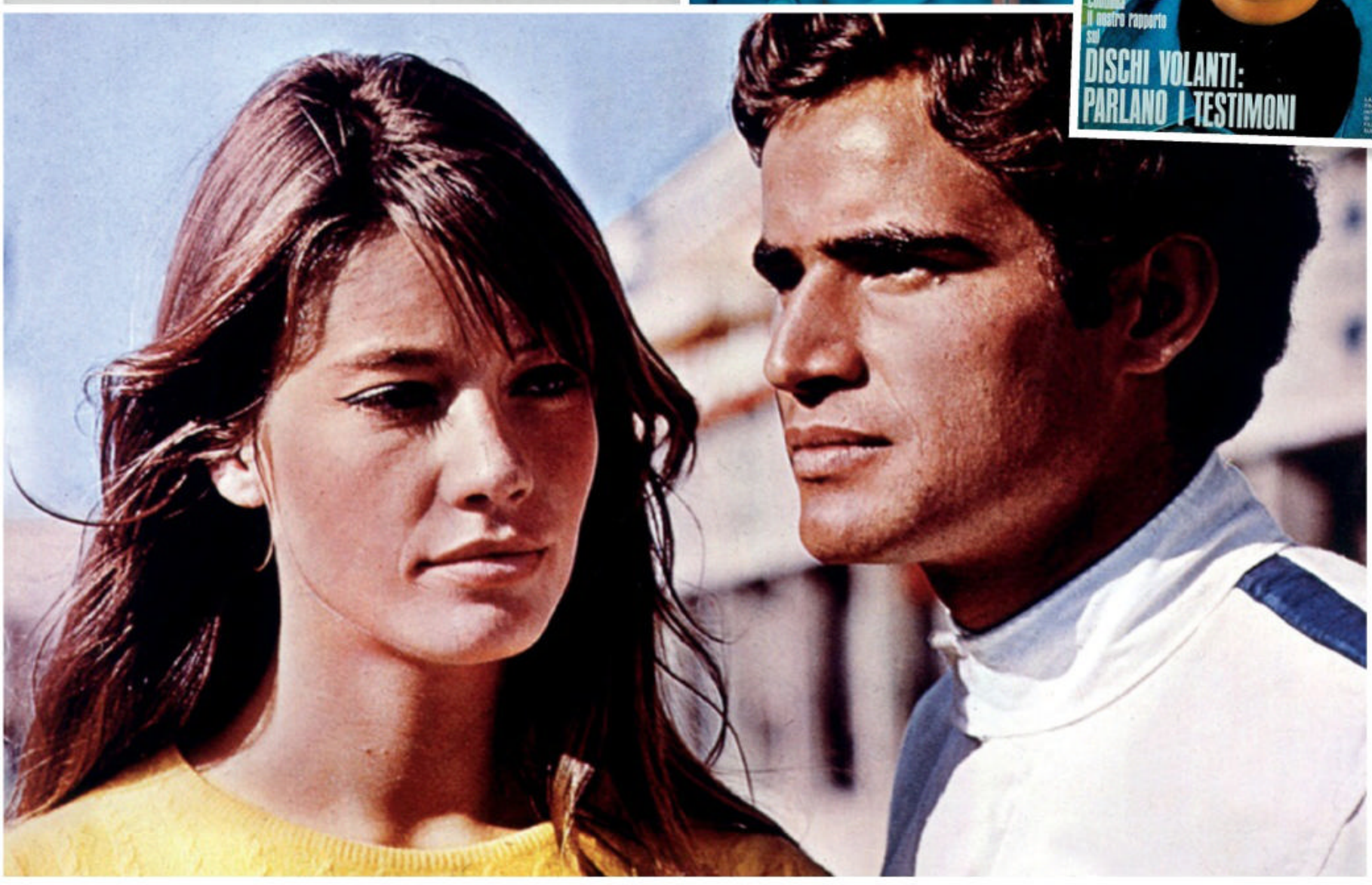

Clockwise from top left: On the set of *Grand Prix*, 1966; a portrait of Hardy in driving suit and helmet in *Grand Prix*, 1966; on the cover of *Epoca* magazine, 1966; and with Antonio Sabàto Sr. in *Grand Prix*, 1966.

GETTY IMAGES

A portrait of Hardy, circa 1970.

up with French pop's insouciant, dapper modfather Jacques Dutronc, the scabrous yin to her guileless yang. It was far from a meet-cute — "His face was covered in zits," recalled Hardy of their first encounter, "and he wore really thick-rimmed glasses; I thought he looked dreadful, so naturally I hardly paid attention to him" — but before long she was appearing in Dutronc's video for *Mini Mini Mini*, rocking the titular garment while the suited boulevardier shimmied appreciatively alongside, the whole coming off like an Austin Powers fever dream. When the May 1968 student uprising took place, her record company ordered Hardy to leave Paris; she and Dutronc high-tailed it to a Corsican villa, which Dutronc maintains to this day. For the French tabloids and gossip magazines, their union has been the gift that keeps on giving, through the 1973 birth of their son, Thomas, an accomplished musician and producer (and sometime collaborator with his mother), and their eventual marriage in 1981 ("for the tax breaks," according to Hardy) to their current separated-but-not-divorced status.

"Luckily for me, the most beautiful songs are not happy songs. The songs we remember are the sad, romantic ones."

The enforced break in 1968 marked the end of Hardy's magisterial phase. Always a restless spirit, she took her music in a sparser, more intimate, bossa nova-inflected direction on 1971's *La Question*, Hardy's favourite among her own albums (and a perennial cult classic). In the ensuing decades, she has flirted with folk-rock, jazz and even trip-hop; her last recording, 2018's *Personne d'Autre*, found her back in contemplative, philosophical mood — her unhappy happy place — with lyrics heavily informed by a long battle with lymphoma that culminated in an induced coma and a miraculous recovery via a pioneering form of chemotherapy. Today, snow-white-bobbed and still statuesque at 78, she is not so much a French national treasure as a national monument. She professes herself flattered but frankly baffled that she's cited as an influence by artists as diverse as Blur, Stereolab, Angel Olsen, Iggy Pop and Étienne Daho — anyone, in fact, who appreciates that bittersweet spot between the sadness and the light. "It has always been a big surprise to me that people, even very good musicians, were moved by my voice," she told *The Guardian*. "I know its limitations, I always have. But I have chosen carefully. What a person sings is an expression of what they are. Luckily for me, the most beautiful songs are not happy songs. The songs we remember are the sad, romantic ones."

And, she might have added, the singers.

GETTY IMAGES

Opposite: With the singer Richard Gotainer at a party in Paris in 1988;

This page: On the set of the T.V. show *Vivement Dimanche*, 2005.

‘THERE WAS A MOMENT AT SCHOOL, DURING THE CRUCIBLE — YOU PLAYED JOHN PROCTOR AND I PLAYED ELIZABETH — WHERE I SHIFTED GEARS’

Pippa Bennett-Warner has starred alongside Derek Jacobi, outshone Eddie Redmayne, and is getting her due in British T.V. None of it, however, would have been possible without a character-forming turn opposite a certain editor-in-chief. Probably.

by **tom chamberlin** *photography* **kim lang** *fashion direction* **veronica perez**

Pippa Bennett-Warner has managed matters well. She has always been a stately figure, overflowing with talent, whose creative endeavours are garlanded with artistic merit. I used the word ‘always’ in the previous sentence because I know that, from as long ago as 2001, ’twas ever thus. Pippa and I were at school together (St. Edward’s in Oxford), and her attendance was anticipated before she’d arrived. We heard that there was someone who had already acted in the West End, as the young Nala in The Lion King. Enter Pippa, with acting chops, for sure, but also an extraordinary singer. It was a fait accompli that she was destined for a higher calling than the school stage, and it was not long after leaving drama school that she paired with Derek Jacobi in Michael Grandage’s King Lear (2010).

Since then, her name has been on programmes at the Donmar, the Almeida and the National theatres, the latter of which was for Richard II with Eddie Redmayne (a former cover star of the magazine). The Independent said the Oscar-winning actor was “outshone” by Pippa.

Having conquered the British theatre scene, she is now walking nonchalantly onto our screens again in the psychological thriller Chloe. She plays the likeable and relatable Livia, whose surefooted life is juxtaposed with the unhinged reality of the show’s lead, Becky, played with disturbing determination by Erin Doherty (who is no longer Princess Anne). Chloe will air this month on the BBC and Amazon, so I took the opportunity to catch up with an old friend before its release...

What kickstarted your early career as a performer?
I have an older sister, and she played Oliver in the school production. I think, watching her — because you know when you’re young and you have an older sibling, you want to do what they do. She was so great and so brilliant and I was totally obsessed with her. It was definitely from watching her.

Then along came your first professional job, in The Lion King...
Actually, the first thing I ever did was fifth fairy to the left in a pantomime at the Oxford Playhouse. I was this green kid from the Home Counties, but a friend of mine who went to Stagecoach [the performing arts academy], which I had never heard of, told my mother that *The Lion King* was coming over from Broadway and they were doing open auditions for young Simba and young Nala. It was 12 rounds in the end, and I did it for six months, and it was my first professional job.

Was there any performance or ensemble that made you realise you wanted to do this vocationally? [Ed: this is a leading question.]
Funnily enough, yes. There was a moment at school, during *The Crucible* — you played John Proctor, Emilia Clarke played Abigail, and I played Elizabeth — where I shifted gears. Because I sang first [earlier in my life], singing was very much my thing. But the wonderful, heavenly Lucy Maycock, our teacher, said, “You should really pursue acting”, so I did.

Did working with Derek Jacobi in King Lear help you to settle into big productions, or would it have been easier to start in lower-profile jobs?
Working with Derek Jacobi was just the dream, it was really quite incredible. I remember the audition process with Michael Grandage — I got a call back after the first audition, and it was with Derek. We had to do the famous first scene and I had to say to myself, ‘O.K., Pippa, it is big-girl-pants

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Section opener:
Black velvet bow-embellished dress, **Saloni at Matches Fashion**.

This page:
Grey chalk stripe flannel three-piece suit, **Caroline Andrew London**; lilac leather mules, **Malone Souliers;** rose-gold enamel, diamond, pearl Selene necklace and rose-gold diamond crescent pearl three-drop earrings, both **Meváris**.

time, it's Derek Jacobi, it's Michael Grandage, just take a deep breath and do your thing', which I did. But Derek is so brilliant and good at making people feel at ease. So I think being put into the deep end was made easier by people being so lovely and nice to work with. I am still very close with the cast, and it's been 11 years. We were together for nine months. I still think, to date, that has been my favourite job.

Does your approach to character differ depending on whether you are on stage or screen?
Absolutely. Theatre is a very particular beast. You work normal office hours for six weeks, then you have to switch your body clock from 10–5 to 5–11 at night. I have to approach diet differently, and I like to go to rehearsal knowing all my lines, so it is six weeks of play. On T.V. and film it is different because you're being picked up at 5:50; you'll be in the make-up chair for 7:50, and then you may not get on set until two o'clock, but when you get called you have to be ready to go, so you have to sustain your energy in different ways. Approaching character is also different, as you have six weeks to figure out what you're doing and who they are in theatre — in telly and film, you rarely get rehearsal time.

What was it that attracted you to Chloe?
Alice Seabright's writing. There was something about the world she creates and these people that felt so interesting and intriguing, and I wanted in. They are so relatable, and everyone will get it straight away. I also loved my character, Livia. I have never played someone like her before. Livia is the queen of Bristol, she is the girl about town, fiercely loyal, mother hen, and I would definitely want to be friends with her. I would perhaps be a little scared of her at first because her guard is up quite a lot, but once she opens up she is a delight.

Chloe is a cautionary tale for our reliance on the digital world. Has it changed your approach to social media?
I really struggle with social media. I find it tricky to navigate. That was the trouble with playing Livia — she documents everything. Getting into the mindset of somebody who needs to document every moment of their life was very challenging, as that is very much not me. I think Instagram runs the world; everyone checks in with Instagram multiple times a day. It is a fun platform, I get it, but I do struggle with putting myself on it.

What will 2022 hold for you?
I did a film last year called *See How They Run*, with the most extraordinary cast — Sam Rockwell, Saoirse Ronan, David Oyelowo — which I hope will have a life in 2022. And I have *Gangs of London* season two.

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R

Opposite page, left:
Golden Rose gown, Italian silk crepe 3D boned corset and an Italian silk gazar skirt painted with gold leaf paint, **Benveniste Couture**.

Bucherer Fine Jewellery Pastello necklace, **Bucherer**; Joséphine Aigrette earrings in white-gold with brilliant-cut diamonds and pear-shaped rhodolite garnet, **Chaumet**; white- and yellow-gold Serpenti Seduttori green dial model watch, **Bvlgari**.

Opposite page, right:
Burgundy long-sleeve dress, **Edeline Lee at Fenwick**; gold leather pumps, **Jimmy Choo**; gold and diamonds Serpenti Scaglie watch, **Bvlgari**; Pastello white-gold ear studs, **Bucherer**.

This page:
Black Evzon Military Jacket, **Nevro Blazer**; black wool trousers, **Reiss**; black calf leather jewel buckle pumps, **Manolo Blahnik**.

Rose-gold case with diamond and mother-of-pearl dial, leather strap watch, **Breguet**; rose-gold oval-cut rhodolite and diamond cocktail ring, **Chaumet**; white-gold and diamond earrings, **Chopard**.

This page:
Brown Cielo belted wool maxi coat, brown and navy wool-mohair houndstooth sweater, brown wool culottes, all **Max Mara Studio at Fenwick**; brown leather two-tone brogues, **Crockett & Jones**; 18ct white-gold and diamond La Rose de la Reine earrings, **Breguet**; white-gold Joséphine Aigrette pavé diamond ring with cultured pearls, **Chaumet**.

Opposite page:
Navy wool pinstripe suit, **Connolly**; white and navy cotton striped shirt and black silk dotted tie, both **Ralph Lauren**; black Sohemias pumps, **Manolo Blahnik**.

Gold and diamond earrings, **Chopard**; black Royal Oak watch, **Audemars Piguet**; rose-gold oval-cut rhodolite and diamond cocktail ring, **Chaumet**.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: DERRICK KAKEMBO
HAIR STYLIST: PETER LUX
MAKE-UP ARTIST: JAMES O'RILEY
FASHION ASSISTANT: ANASTASIA BUSCH

LEICA? WE LOVE HER

Kathryn Boyd Brolin, an American photographer behind two vivid cover shoots for **THE RAKE**, *has been named as an ambassador for the legendary German camera company. It is recognition of Boyd Brolin's irresistible combination of graft, flair and intelligence.*

by ***tom chamberlin***

Kathryn Boyd Brolin has that free-spirited seventies vibe nailed down. It is unusual to not see her smiling or dancing to something with children at heel, gazing up in wonder at her uninhibited approach to life. The pea in her pod is her husband, Josh Brolin, who marshals along similar lines — carefree, kind, Californian insouciance deep in his bones. Together, well, you get the picture you see here, taken by the extraordinary Brian Bowen Smith for his book *Drivebys*. A portrait of abandon and love.

Kathryn has twice worked with *The Rake*, and is the kind of photographer that editors would be wise to hold close and embark on endless adventures with. She finds solutions rather than problems, understands personality, works well within the limitations of budget and time restrictions, and, like a terrific tailor, has an understanding of how the recipient of her work wants to feel. She knows where they want to go, and holds their hand on the way.

It is understandable, therefore, that Leica have asked her to be an ambassador for them. Indeed, more recently, her work has become a journey of reportage that displays depth, wisdom, beauty and sophistication. An image of her daughter with an ice cream speaks to every parent who knows the magic of their child's wonder, mischief and innocence revealed in a single moment.

Her photographs of her actor-husband for *The Rake*'s cover story in issue No.73 were magnificent. It was a Covid-friendly project that was intimate and yet powerful; Josh Brolin is not one for confined spaces, but he was at home, his sanctum sanctorum, somewhere he could be himself, and the playful and more serious aspects of his personality (the former outweigh the latter) were captured by Kathryn with artistic aplomb.

Her career will not be seen through the lens of her husband, however. Her *Rake* cover shoot with Paul Bettany, for example (issue No.79), could not have been a more ideal expression of her professionalism and talent. What better moment, then, for us to highlight Boyd Brolin as a hero of this issue of *The Rake*, and to celebrate her as a valued friend.

Kathryn Boyd Brolin and Josh Brolin
photographed by Brian Bowen Smith
for his book *Drivebys*.

BELLEZZA, TRAGEDIA, FORZA

If existential pain is supposed to compromise a person's effervescence, Dalila Di Lazzaro, the Italian model, actress and author, did not get the memo.

by **nick scott**

Some, though not all, readers will be aware of a choice piece of British folklore — an eternally entertaining dinner party gem — concerning a monkey that during the Napoleonic wars was tried and hanged in the town of Hartlepool in north-east England. The simian in question was the only survivor of a shipwreck, and, having been dressed in a French military uniform for the crew's amusement, was presumed — by folk who'd never set eyes on either a monkey or a Gallic person — to be a spy from across *la Manche*.

I mention this because it's the only equivalent I can think of — in terms of a person setting eyes upon another carbon-based life form and jumping so wildly to the wrong conclusion — to the moment the Italian model, actress and author Dalila Di Lazzaro made her acquaintance with Gianni Agnelli and concluded that he wasn't attracted to women.

"Somehow she ended up in the bathroom, where, to her embarrassment, Agnelli was just out of the shower, naked."

The account of Di Lazzaro's first encounter with the Italian industrialist and Fiat boss — the richest man in his country's modern history — comes from a mutual friend of hers and *The Rake*'s. Here, we let our source take over the anecdote: "Still in her twenties, Dalila had been asked, by a friend, to attend a high-society dinner in a stunning property in Campidoglio in Rome.

"Having just returned from a modelling assignment in Morocco, she was wearing a simple mini-dress and flat sandals, her hair styled in her usual wild way — she loved that straight-out-of-bed, straight-off-the-beach look quickly envied by so many other women.

"Somehow, Dalila, trotting through the house behind her friend and the butler, ended up in a bathroom, where, to her pure embarrassment, L'Avvocato [Agnelli's nickname, based on his law degree] was just coming out of a shower, naked. Seconds later, he walked nonchalantly into the room to which she'd fled wearing a bathrobe and started chatting with her while his trusted butler, Brunetto, helped him dress."

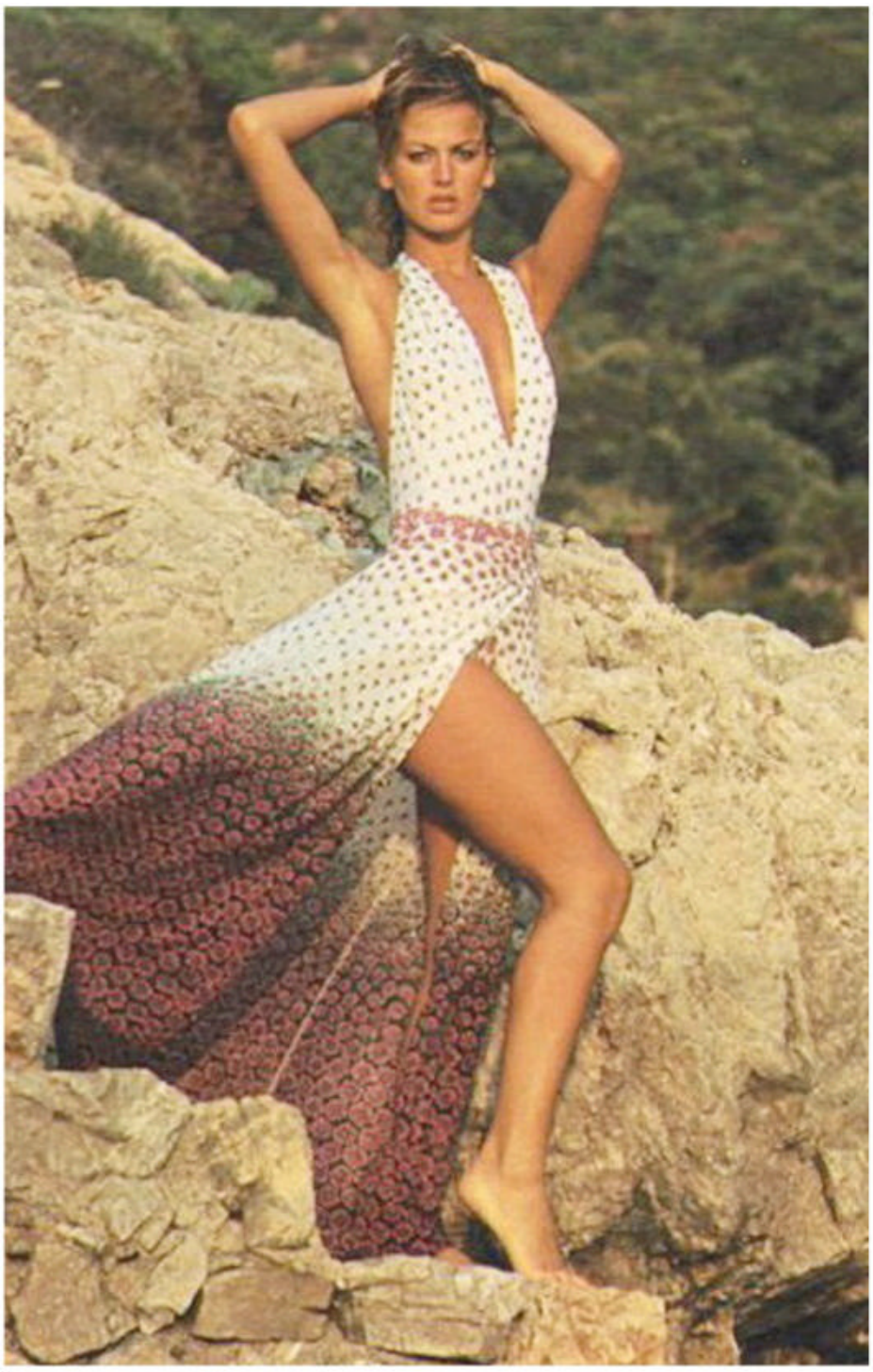
Inevitably enough, Agnelli, having been informed of Dalila's misconception about his sexual preferences that evening, chose to enlighten her via actions rather than words. "He was mesmerised by her eyes and beauty," our source says. "The morning after their first meeting, she was woken up by the ringing of a doorbell. This time it was Dalila's turn to receive a surprise visitation in her bathrobe. Agnelli greeted her with the words, 'Ciao, Cara', and the rest is history. A three-year love affair followed, and helicopters, private planes and yachts became Dalila's life. L'Avvocato was besotted with her. It was she who fell in love with a younger man and ended the affair."

Based on this anecdote alone, one might assume the life of Dalila Di Lazzaro to be an unerringly charmed one. The facts of her career path would seem to confirm such an assumption. Born in 1953 in Udine, to a former boxer and a seamstress, she was a relative unknown when plucked from obscurity to play a zombified female antagonist in the 1973 cult horror film *Flesh for Frankenstein* (later billed as *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein*, as he co-produced it).

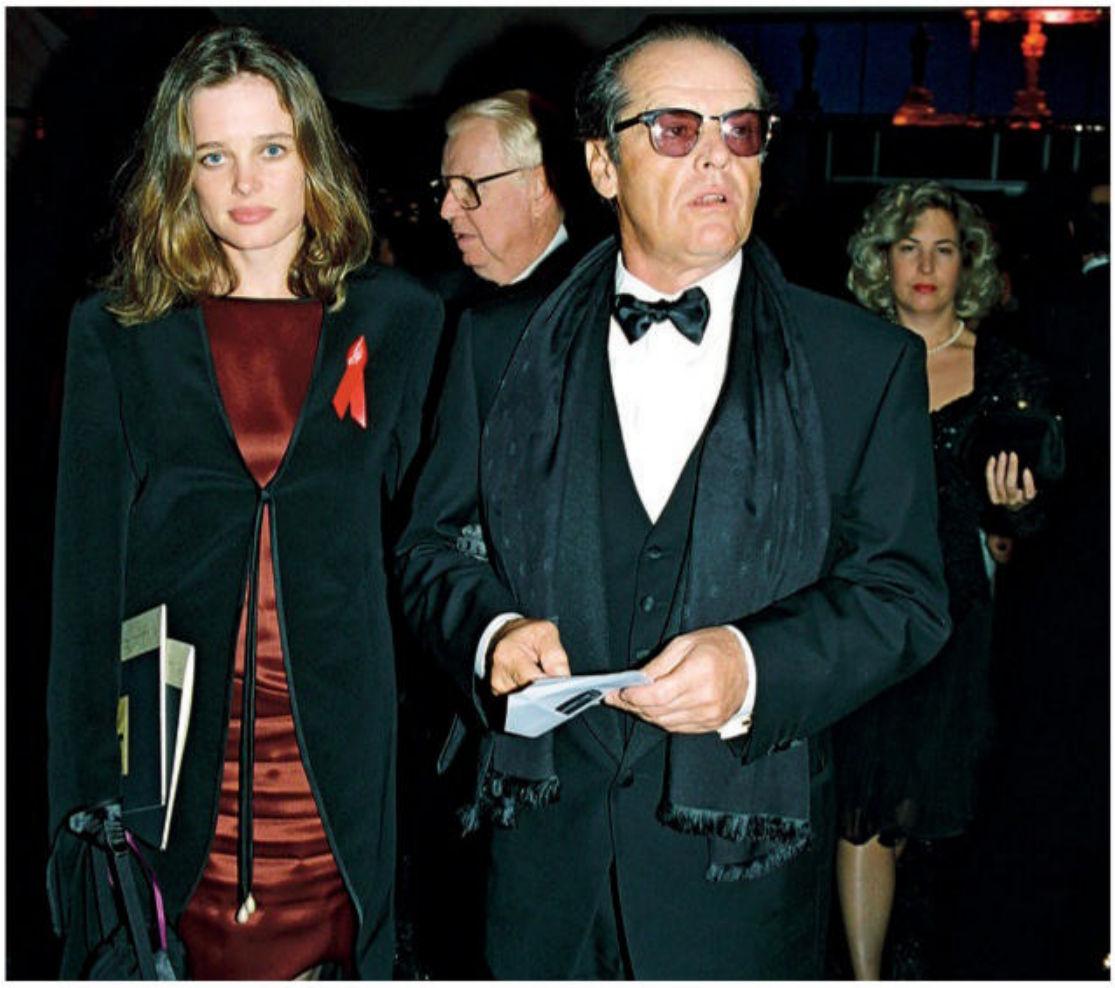
Now drawn into showbiz circles, portrayals of her idiosyncratic beauty, captured through Warhol's camera lens, sent her star soaring higher — "After Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren and Silvana Mangano, here comes Dalila Di Lazzaro," the pop-art prince had said when casting her for Frankenstein, Di Lazzaro having come to his attention while modelling for a Campari ad — and soon photographers such as Alberto Lattuada, Florestano Vancini and Alberto Sordi were enlisting her services.

Her silver screen appearances, meanwhile, following a debut in 1972 in the Italian western *It Can Be Done... Amigo*, went on to include the 1975 comedy *Sex Pot* (co-starring Loren); the revenge horror *Last Stop on the Night Train*, in the same year; *The Girl in the Yellow Pyjamas*, an Italian *giallo* [mystery thriller] flick, in 1977; the French crime caper *Three Men to Kill* (1980), in which she appeared opposite Alain Delon ("Alain is like a leopard — sometimes you just want to hug him and sometimes you can be afraid of him," she reportedly said of her co-star; for the record, she was dating Richard Gere around that time); *Breath of Life*, an Italian adaptation of Gesualdo Bufalino's 1981 novel, *Diceria*

Posing for *Epoca* in 1975.



Clockwise from top left: Posing again for *Epoca* magazine in 1975; in Paris in 1980; with Alain Delon on the set of the film *Trois Hommes à Abattre* ('Three Men to Kill'), 1980; and linking arms with Jack Nicholson.



GETTY IMAGES, SHUTTERSTOCK

Above: With Alain Delon in *Three Men to Kill*, 1980.
Below: with Daniel Biasini, Romy Schneider, Mireille Darc and Delon at a party in Paris, circa 1980.

This page:
Cycling in Paris, 1975.

Opposite:
On Andy Warhol's *Flesh for Frankenstein* movie poster, 1973.

ALAMY, GETTY IMAGES

WE DARE YOU TO SEE...
ANDY WARHOL'S
FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN
X
ANDY WARHOL'S
FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN X
starring JOE DALLESANDRO · UDO KIER · MONIQUE VAN VOOREN
introducing ARNO JUERGING · DALILA DI LAZZAR · SRDJAN ZELENOVIC
Music by CLAUDIO GIZZI · A Compagnia Cinematografica CHAMPION S.p.A. Roma production
Written and Directed by PAUL MORRISSEY · Produced by ANDREW BRAUNSBERG
EASTMANCOLOR
Distributed by EMI Film Distributors Ltd.
EMI

Dell'Untore, starring Franco Nero and Vanessa Redgrave; and, more recently, 2013's *The Fifth Wheel*, an Italian comedy. Why, in 1983, she refused the role played by Kim Basinger in *Never Say Never Again* remains a mystery.

In the earlier years of her rise to fame, she took to the showbiz lifestyle with zeal. Over to our source again: "She moved to N.Y.C., partied with Elton John and Bianca Jagger, and was living an almost Alice in Wonderland–like life, especially for someone who grew up in a small town under the thumb of a mother who used to tell her, 'You will never be anyone in life — you're a nobody'. Joining the party set gave her a great sense of revenge."

"Di Lazzaro remains a major life force. She is a beacon of stoicism, refusing to submit to a cruel level of adversity."

But those who spent time with Di Lazzaro during this purple patch would surely have noted a certain sorrow in her demeanour, perhaps discernible to the reader, too, judging by the photos on these pages: a certain air of melancholy, expressed most acutely by those piercing, viridian eyes.

Much as the hint of pain in her demeanour makes her beauty all the more beguiling and enigmatic, anyone with a shred of humanity would choose to eliminate from her life the factors that had caused it. Di Lazzaro said she was sexually assaulted by a relative at the age of five. Reports exist, also, of other horrific assaults, and of physical, as well as psychological, abuse at home. Di Lazzaro fell pregnant at 15, with a son she named Christian. In 1991, Christian, then 22, was killed in a car accident. One can only speculate about the extent to which his death prompted her decision to conceive again, aged 62, a pregnancy that led to what was said to be an 'inevitable' abortion. This came after another road accident, involving a motorbike, which left her with fractured vertebrae in her neck and neuropathic pain. Later, another accident in a swimming pool, in 2000, exacerbated all that had come before.

Today, Di Lazzaro remains a major life force. She is a beacon of stoicism, refusing to submit to an uncanny — actually, cruel — level of existential adversity. Her series of published books (including the bestseller *Il Mio Cielo*, or 'My Sky') are packed with intelligent (and, who could deny, authentic) discourse on how to battle pain and emerge the victor. She has joined social causes for which she feels an affinity, including awareness campaigns for eating disorders and the fight for adoptions by unmarried parents.

Tellingly, when our source quizzes her about any regrets she might harbour, Di Lazzaro's personal tragedies don't even seem to be on her radar: "I could have been more consistent, more ambitious — I am an idealist, a free spirit."

FLORENCE AND THE MACHINES

While the biannual festival of Pitti has become a subdued version of itself because of one thing and another, it has not stopped the sartorial cognoscenti from making the pilgrimage...

photography ***rikesh chauhan***

MURPHY

AN ERUPTIVE PAST

Boasting a hardy constitution nurtured on the lava-ravaged slopes of Vesuvius, the Cirneco dell'Etna nevertheless manages to exhibit a gentle disposition.

HOUND

by **bruno** *as told to* **nick scott**

Primitive human societies settled at the base of volcanoes, in flagrant disregard of the danger, believing that they were stationing themselves in proximity to deities. Once Homo sapiens set their iron ploughs to the turf, they realised that soil's nourishment by lava ashes made it richly fertile, and set up their dirt-and-rubble domiciles on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, Fuji and Popocatépetl.

Even today, the denizens of Naples — despite a fear so profound of the somma stratovolcano whose silhouette dominates the skyline nine kilometres to the west that many are superstitious about using the word 'tomorrow' — would sooner see Juventus lift the Champions League trophy than move a safe distance from the fissure in the Earth's crust whose ill-tempered spews buried Pompeii.

As for why my ancestors roamed the gradients around the Sicilian volcano that gives us the latter part of our breed name, it is simply because we could. Bred to hunt small mammals and fowl in high heat, on terrain that makes rural Iceland seem neatly Tarmac'd, with little food or water over extended periods of time, we followed the Darwinist imperative not by developing zygomatic arches in our jaws for greater bite power (like our distant cousins) but by finding a hunting ground where any competitor straying into such territory would call to mind the phrase, 'A dog's chance in hell'. (The particularly sleek and sinewy among us Cirneco dell'Etnas — read: more athletic and given to quick bursts of speed — would, I'd venture, survive in the most conflagrant chambers of Satan's subterranean mansion.)

As for the first part of our curious name, Cyrenaica is the eastern coastal region of Libya, although a diaspora of sorts clearly took place, for reliable reports refer to us originating, around 2,500 years ago, as a tenacious hunting dog in Egypt before being transported to the Mediterranean basin by Phoenician traders.

Our spiritual home, though, is Sicily. Coins made as long ago as 500BC, depicting hounds that distinctly resemble the modern Cirneco dell'Etna, have been found in Segesta, and we're rarely found outside the Mediterranean Sea's largest island.*

Few of my breed would leave behind a land four-fifths of whose terrain is of the mountainous type that has proved our larder for millennia. Our romantic natures feel in situ on an island where, in the early 13th century, the poet and notary Giacomo da Lentini invented the sonnet; a place that punches so high above its weight in terms of influence — Archimedes, Domenico Dolce, Jawhar al-Siqilli, the founder of Cairo, and Vincenzo Bellini, the musician and composer, were all born on its soil — that it's tempting to assume there exists some invisible intellectual force in the air as all-powerful as the vent in the crust of Earth beneath. There's even a legend that says a thousand of my ancestors once guarded a temple of the fire god Adranos, blessed with a divine ability to pursue thieves and non-believers who approached, thus keeping devout pilgrims in the temple safe.

These days, we're custodians of something more earthly but no less rarefied: rich canine folklore in Sicily — something just as worthy of preservation as the Doric-style Greek temples and the Byzantine mosaics sprinkled so liberally on the speck of land we call home.

*I gather the 200 or so of us who reside in the U.S. — especially if their human owners keep them in one of the plusher homes found in suburban parts of the Eastern Seaboard — are tiring of the organised crime references… "Oh, it's waste management your owner works in? Right!"

GETTY IMAGES

atelier

INVESTMENT HANKER;
LAND OF H.O.P.E. AND GLORY.

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INVEST

Investments can be unpredictable, but not so with these four winners, which we have handpicked to provide you with sound and secure appreciation — aesthetically, spiritually and financially.

by ***nick scott*** *and* ***tom chamberlin***

Rolex Lady-Datejust in 18ct gold

It was the year that Audrey Hepburn, her cultural cachet at a premium, starred alongside Fred Astaire in the musical romantic comedy *Funny Face*; around the same time that *Those Without Shadows*, French author Françoise Sagan's third novel, threw light on the human condition from a distinctly female perspective; at a moment when Adele Simpson's creations were making her more and more beloved of New York's fashion cognoscenti; and, in the Middle-East, when Rawya Ateya was taking her seat in the National Assembly of Egypt, becoming the first female parliamentarian in the Arab world.

Notwithstanding the household-management 'self-help', darning lessons in school, and other trappings of life as a woman in the late fifties (as depicted in homely sitcoms such as *I Love Lucy*), a nascent feminism was sneaking into the zeitgeist. More and more women were acquiring independent incomes, and huge cultural game changers (such as the pill) and a tsunami of counterculture sentiment were waiting in the wings.

So there is nothing arbitrary in the fact that Rolex's classic women's watch, the Lady-Datejust — a sublime emblem of elegance and assertiveness — came into being in 1957. Today, as was the case 65 years ago, the Lady-Datejust is beloved of women at the top of their game (think marine biologist Sylvia Earle, golf champion Annika Sörenstam, singer Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, pianist Yuja Wang, tennis champion Garbiñe Muguruza, biologist and environmentalist Emma Camp, and the sitar virtuoso Anoushka Shankar).

The iteration before you, meanwhile, is in 18ct yellow-gold, its bezel set with 46 brilliant-cut diamonds, its white mother-of-pearl dial with 10. As with all its siblings (there's a huge selection of dials, bezels and bracelets in the range), it has instantaneous date with cyclops lens, Syloxi hairspring in silicon, high-performance Paraflex shock absorbers, and a 28mm Oyster case (waterproof to a depth of 100 metres).

The precision of the in-house movement is guaranteed by the Superlative Chronometer certification, redefined by Rolex in 2015. No paperwork is required, though, when it comes to how accurately any Lady-Datejust epitomises the harmony between femininity and fortitude. Indeed, female readers may see this as an investment in their own empowerment; a gentleman purchasing for a woman, meanwhile, may see it as a symbol of emancipation from values that, in retrospect, enfeebled both genders. *NS*

www.rolex.com

Cromford Sharif bomber jacket

In 1917, the U.S. Army aviation clothing board pulled off a masterstroke of functional clothing design: a garment that would keep military pilots warm in unenclosed aircraft cockpits at freezing, high altitudes. A heavy-duty, fur-lined piece in sheepskin, horse leather or sealskin, its cut was conducive to being worn in a seated position, its tight-fitting cuffs and waists designed to cheat draughts, its voluminous sleeves and unstructured shoulders to facilitate movement.

It's safe to say that how stylish the wearer would look when hopping out of his F4F Wildcat could not have been further from their minds. As for the idea of creating what would become a consummate menswear staple? A popular culture emblem thanks to various Hollywood starring roles (Steve McQueen's in *The Great Escape*, Humphrey Bogart's in *Tokyo Joe* and Marlon Brando's in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, to name just three)? A piece to be adopted by counterculture groups such as the late-sixties skinheads (the racist ones came later)? It's fair to say that none of this got a look-in at the drawing board.

The functionality fanatics who conceived of the bomber jacket would surely be flabbergasted (and pleasantly so) to discover that peacetime has nudged the garment many, many steps along an evolutionary trajectory, the latest expression of the form being this offering by Cromford Leather Company. The brand, named after the Derbyshire town in which the world's first factory operated, was founded in 1971 by the Savile Row tailor Alan Sprooles and his architect friend Peter Goodall. It has been helmed by the visionary leather tailor Pauline Harris since 2015.

Named in adherence to Cromford's tendency to give garments appellations that toast silver-screen greats (see the striking 'Keitel', 'Eastwood', 'Douglas' and 'Hoffman' pieces on *The Rake*'s website), the Sharif is everything a modern sartorialist's bomber should be. Containing the aesthetic DNA that military bombers have used since they were donned by U.S. airmen over France and Belgium during world war I, the Sharif has a far more tactile, second-skin feel (it's fashioned from supple French lambskin and lined with shearling), and features luxe details such as the wool ribbing at cuffs and waist, a concealed inner pocket, and an antique brass Swiss Riri zip.

No one is expecting readers to send the sex-o-meter needle spinning like Marilyn Monroe did when she wore a bomber jacket with a tight dress while visiting and performing for American troops in Korea in 1954. This is a shrewd investment, though, for the dashing flâneur who has the temerity to give it a stab. *NS*

www.cromfordleather.co.uk

Romeo y Julieta Línea de Oro cigars

The appearance of new cigars on the market is always to be celebrated. The fanfare isn't too dissimilar to that which greets new watches — from dimensions to craft details, the intelligentsia is looking at similar things. Where a watch may announce a new case-size only millimetres in difference, Cubans deal with imperial measurements, and fractions of an inch are key, with cigars sometimes measuring, as in the case of the Capuleto, six and 3/8th of an inch with 52-ring gauge. The ring gauge is a unit of measurement that increases in increments of 1/64th of an inch. Then there are the working parts — the blend of three leaves (the seco, the volado and the ligero) — all of which determine the nature of the smoking experience. Anyone who enjoys and treasures cigars has their own preferences, so we all look out for new releases to see if they will work for us.

Well, three new cigars from Romeo y Julieta have been announced that have got everyone in a frenzy. For the first time in the firm's history (est. 1875), they are forming the first sub-brand of Romeo y Julieta. The Línea de Oro is its name, and it features an abundance of gold on the *anillas* (labels you always find on cigars) and foot bands (which you find less frequently). The names of the new cigars are Dianas, Hidalgos and Nobles; their sizes are, respectively, 52x7 1/2", 57x4 7/8", 56x5 3/8". They are all on the thicker side, but will no doubt have their own personalities to distinguish them. Considering they are of Romeo y Julieta stock, you can expect medium- to full-flavoured cigars. Additionally, the recent Cuban craze for extravagant boxes continues. Anyone who had a box of the Romeo y Julieta Maravillas will have seen the gorgeous red-lacquered box, which returns in a slightly different shape for these new cigars. Debate will continue as to which is preferable, but I rather like the creativity.

Cigars appreciate in value much quicker than wine or whisky; you can, for example, find cigars doubling in value within a year of purchase. If Romeo y Julieta continue to make these in regular production, 99 per cent of them will not have any real appreciable value, but the first batch almost certainly will, so make sure you get down to Davidoff of London to stock up. *TC*

www.davidofflondon.com

Omega Globemaster Annual Calendar in burgundy

Omega boast a history replete with micro-engineering masterstrokes that changed the course of horological history. They are early pioneers of the tourbillon wristwatch and the creator of the world's first minute repeating wristwatch, the first tourbillon wristwatch to be chronometer certified, and the first wrist-chronometer with a co-axial escapement.

Less trumpeted but equally impressive, though, are its achievements in the field of timepiece aesthetics, including the 12-sided domed dials that unofficially became dubbed 'pie pan dials' and featured on the manufacture's Constellation watches of the 1950s and sixties.

Omega's latest three additions to the Globemaster Annual Calendar collection pay tribute to the pie pan dial, as well as another signature detail that fans will be familiar with: the fluted bezel first used in a now highly collectable model from 1968. These — along with the faceted hands, elegant indexes, cursive text month indications, Constellation star and Omega's logo — make up more than the sum of their parts, especially in the case of the piece pictured here, with sun-brushed burgundy dial, which for our money is one of the most visually compelling watches to come out in the past year.

Presented in a 41mm stainless steel case, with a polished bezel in Omega's own red-gold alloy (which is also used for the crown and numerals), its burgundy leather strap completes a complex but concordant symphony. Meanwhile, a Central Observatory medallion set on the scratch-resistant sapphire crystal caseback gives a nod to Omega's achievement in precision instruments in the early 20th century. And talking of precision, the whole thing is powered by Omega's own co-axial master chronometer Annual Calendar calibre 8922.

The burgundy version is one of three, and the iteration with sun-brushed green dial in stainless steel and 18ct white-gold on the faceted hands is also a handsome addition to any collection, as is the one in 18ct Sedna Gold, with its striking black onyx index settings. With the piece seen here, though, Omega — a brand that has taken humanity to the loftiest heights and deepest waters with its Speedmaster Moonwatch and its Seamaster, respectively — have taken us to another rarefied realm indeed.

It could be just the inexplicable elegance of the interplay between form and hue seen here. Is it audacious to suggest, though, that burgundy could soon usurp green's crown when it comes to watch dials — and so soon after green assumed blue's place on the throne? *NS*

www.omegawatches.com

THE ORIGIN OF FLEECES

The latest wool fabric addition to Vitale Barberis Canonico's H.O.P.E. capsule collection is a declaration of the brand's devotion to sustainability, provenance and local heritage.

by **nick scott** *photography* **giorgia faga**

A flock of sheep in Biella, northern Italy, the home of Vitale Barberis Canonico.

UNSTITCHED

Clockwise from top left: A Maremmano sheepdog taking care of a flock in Biella; Biellese raw wool; natural dyes fabrics from the H.O.P.E. range; and brown fabric from the same range.

There's more to 'seasonal change', in the world of top-tier apparel, than the ephemeral whimsy visible on catwalks. For the largely unsung specialists operating at earlier stages of the supply chain, the phrase — as it did to Upper Paleolithic fishermen and the earliest wielders of primitive scythes in the Fertile Crescent — refers to the rhythms of nature.

A group of individuals who understand this profoundly is the R&D department at Vitale Barberis Canonico. (For the sprinkling of readers who have never encountered this hallowed name, it is an Italian fabric mill established in 1663 in the northern Biella region, 50 miles north of Turin.) These august people know that the sheep farmer is to the designer or the tailor what the vigneron is to the vintner, the local horticulturist to the head chef at a five-star farm-to-table restaurant.

Which is why the company — these days helmed by the 13th generation of the family that founded it — has added a new wool fabric to its repertoire, gleaned from the fleece of local 'Biellese' sheep that have been reared in adherence to transhumance, a farming method dating back to nomadic practices in prehistoric Europe that involves moving livestock from one grazing ground to another, in accordance with the climatic cycles imposed by the titled axis on which the Earth spins.

The animals that provide this cloth's raw material graze at an altitude of 2,600-2,700 metres, in mountainous pastures at the foot of the Bo mountain range's Alpine glaciers, from May to September, but are moved to Piedmont's lowland pastures for the cooler months. As well as ensuring a rich, varied diet for the animals, this ancient practice, according to VBC, forges "an indissoluble bond between humans, animals and the environment". Francesco Barberis Canonico, the Creative Director, says: "It's really about going back to local traditions, to our roots, because there have been pastures here for centuries."

The lower carbon footprint involved with sourcing fleece from locally reared animals, of course, slots neatly into Vitale Barberis Canonico's broader sustainability ambit. There's more to the sourcing of wool from Biellese sheep, though, than ecological smarts and authentic local provenance. "The sheep being kept in a totally natural environment, where they're free to roam, are not enclosed in artificial light and don't need treatments such as antibiotics — all of this is reflected in the quality of the fabric," says Barberis Canonico, referring to the 28-micron Biella cloth derived from the Biellese fleece. "People are prepared to spend extra to make sure that the animals are kept in humane conditions. Younger people especially are very concerned about this stuff."

And the product itself? "The wool is quite rustic, robust and vigorous, giving the fabric a lovely retro look," he says. "We've made some overcoats from it in herringbone, and you can see that the colours are very natural — beige, cream, camelhair colour. With these, we've just taken the fleece from the sheep and spun and woven it — no dyes. Where dyes are used, they've been derived from botanicals — plants, flowers, leaves, roots, fruits, even tree bark — which, crucially, means a healthy lack of uniformity, consistency, when it comes to the colouring of garments."

Francesco adds: "The colours are just the way nature made

Biellese wool used in coats by Vitale Barberis Canonico.

them. Sometimes there is too much standardisation in the world, an obsession with making things to be so perfect. The beauty with this collection is that no two jackets will be the same. Every sheep dye is different, every sheep is different, so each garment will be unique, like animals and plants are all unique in nature."

As VBC cognoscenti will be aware, the herringbone overcoat mentioned earlier, made from Biellese wool fabric, is just the latest addition to Vitale Barberis Canonico's H.O.P.E. range. This capsule collection arose, after all, from a perfect storm whose meteorological factors included a plethora of discoveries in the natural world and a surge of innovation from the creative minds that drive the company's output. "Our designers and yarn suppliers put so many good ideas on the table at the same time, we decided to make a special collection for them," Francesco says. "If we had mixed them up with everything else, the message would not be quite so strong."

Accordingly, elsewhere in the H.O.P.E. range — the acronym stands for 'How to Optimise People and Environment', by the way — jackets have been made from Spanish Moretta wool, blended with either organic cotton and hemp or alpaca and Red Eri silk, the latter being a fibre of Indian origins that isn't harvested until the moth has left the chrysalis, and is therefore the silk of choice for Buddhist monks.

The collection's naturally dyed Montecarlo jacket, meanwhile, made from a 21-micron wool, is *sine qua non* for summer thanks to its crease resistance and breathability, while the organic dyes enjoy an extra vibrant expression thanks to the cloth's three-dimensional hopsack structure. Bespoke suiting made from the capsule's naturally dyed 21-micron 'Rustic Tropical' fabric — whose hues are derived from tropical timbers and various exotic foliage extracts — will also be deserving of a bookmark in the swatch books when solstice nears.

What the H.O.P.E. fabrics have in common — besides a level of quality so palpable it's virtually impossible not to caress their warp and weft with an outstretched finger — is their adherence to that doggedly zeitgeisty buzzword 'sustainability'. Even more startling is the way the exigencies imposed by mankind's new ecological reality are fulfilled not using pioneering new technology but by using venerable methods from millennia gone by.

"This focus on sustainability is not a trend — it's here to stay, and it will make younger people more and more selective of what they buy in the future," Barberis Canonico says. "They're prepared to spend, they don't mind investing, as long as the quality can be certified and they can know the provenance.

"People used to buy fast fashion, throwaway goods — now they spend less often and spend better. They want to know not just that it is better quality but why it is better quality, why it is longer lasting and therefore more sustainable. Even in China, which doesn't have the most sustainable culture as a country, the younger generation is starting to look at things in this way now."

With this new culture of conscientious consumption becoming the mainstream, the H.O.P.E. collection, Barberis Canonico says, is not so much a one-off statement as an ongoing manifesto, one that exudes VBC's ethos from every thread and fibre.

articles

NO STONE UNTURNED; SLIM ON THE SLOPES; **WHO WEARS THE TROUSERS?**

GETTY IMAGES

THE NEW STONE AGE

It is 30 years this spring since Basic Instinct changed Sharon Stone's life. She takes us back to those crazy days, and tells **TOM CHAMBERLIN** *how she overcame sexism and adversity to forge a life on her own terms. Warning: truth bombs ahead…*

photography ***eric michael roy*** *creative direction & stylist* ***paris libby***

Sharon Stone and I have never met, but she greeted me as though I were an old friend. There were no 'How do you dos', no small talk, but I was straight into her wardrobe — via her laptop and a Zoom call — to look at a leaky roof, and from there to the kitchen, where she made a cup of tea. She was in her office at her Beverly Hills home, the former home of Montgomery Clift. Important matters, such as our children, were discussed, and before I knew it we were almost an hour into an hour-long interview and I had yet to ask any of the questions on my list. Fortunately, the famously charitable Stone gave me another 90 minutes of her time. The truth is, her appearance on *The Rake*'s cover is one of those moments when we see an alignment of the material and the metaphysical. There are few people in the world — not just women — who personify the values of the magazine more than Sharon Stone, for she is a boundary breaker, a humanitarian (garlanded by a Nobel peace laureate, no less), roguish, uncompromising, talented and dedicated to her craft. The *Basic Instinct* avatar people assign to Stone may beguile, but the bigger picture is something far more poetic and less superficial (even if she is someone who doesn't pull her punches), and I was fortunate enough to spend enough time with her to come under that spell.

Sharon's early life was not straightforward. She grew up in rural Pennsylvania with her parents, two brothers and a sister. Childhood was, frankly, unpleasant. In her extraordinary *New York Times* bestselling autobiography, *The Beauty of Living Twice*, she addresses the way in which her father could be brutal with a belt, how her grandfather sexually assaulted her and her sister, and how her mother was lacking on the maternal-affection front. She bid adieu to her creative-writing scholarship at Edinboro University in Pennsylvania to pursue modelling, cutting her teeth in New York when she was 19. She says of the conflict this created in the family: "To be expected to be the perfect one, the one that doesn't complain, the one that does everything exactly right all the time, and the one that will do it without any acknowledgement, is really boring. To be the silent co-dependent shut-the-fuck-up girl is not a healthy role. All these I.Q. tests and all the stuff that I have done led [my father] to believe that I should be an architectural engineer. For him, for me to do something that relied on the way I looked or the way I presented myself was just appalling."

Nevertheless, she signed to the Ford modelling agency, and the jobs started coming in despite her being told to lose the "country pounds". Her modelling career was busy and heading in the right direction when the rudder lurched unexpectedly towards acting, and she was cast in Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories* (1980). She was meant to be an extra, but Allen asked her to jump in and be the Marilyn Monroe-esque coup de foudre that got away on the opposite train, blowing him a kiss through the window. The rest of the eighties contained a few small roles in film and television, but the taste of things to come didn't materialise until the release of *Total Recall* (1990). The film performed extremely well at the box office, and five appearances in films the following year acted as the overture to the cult phenomenon of *Basic Instinct*.

Here is the funny thing, though: it became a cult movie to an entire generation, but not mine. I was born in 1987, so I cannot look at Sharon Stone through the lens of a young man watching her in 1992, when *Basic Instinct* was released, nor remember the shock at how sexually graphic the film becomes (or recall the neck strain attached to *that* moment). Still, what does endure is the iconoclasm of Stone, the greatest beauty of the nineties, undermining the conventional be-a-doll Hollywood roles for women. Her performance as Catherine Tramell has stood the test of time, but sometimes the prejudices linger. "People bring up *Basic Instinct* all the time, and they think it should make me feel bad," she says. "They don't look at me and say, 'What a fucking complicated, fantastic, intriguing performance'. They think, *Basic Instinct*, do you feel bad about that, does that scene kind of follow you around?"

"For my father, for me to do something that relied on the way I looked or presented myself was just appalling."

Snark from the troglodytes or not, she became a colossal movie star overnight. Her book tells the story of how she had to run with a friend into a restaurant near a screening to get away from a mob, of having to hide in the kitchen under a table as a quick-thinking maître d', who understood the situation, offered them cocktails while they waited for the crowd to recede.

The attention drew parallels (for me, at least) with Princess Diana at around the same time. Stone says: "We got famous in the same generation. There weren't cellphones with cameras back then. So if you wanted a picture of a celebrity you had to be there. What would happen is, instead of cellphones on the street or a handful of paparazzi, anywhere one would go who was famous, like Diana, or me at that moment, is that hundreds if not thousands of people would show up everywhere you went. So if I went to a restaurant, for example, by the time I was into the entrée, there would be hundreds of people outside the restaurant. Not sometimes, *every* time. Then it would take, like, an army of bodyguards to get me to the car to the point where this army of

Opening spread:
Sweater, **Brunello Cucinelli**.

This page:
Suit, **LBV**; shirt, **Christian Dior.**

On Sharon:
Coat, **Saint Laurent**;
shoes, shirt and earrings,
all **Dolce & Gabbana**.

On Adam:
Suit, **Dolce & Gabbana**.

SOAP HISTORY.
WHITEWSHING
ACTION.

White vest, **Dolce & Gabbana**.

bodyguards is holding people back. I would have to let everybody else go for their own safety and be last so that I knew that no one was going to get hurt, and by the time I went I would have to dive headfirst through the small hole that was remaining to get into a car, and sometimes the bodyguard had to climb in through the window so as not to be sucked into a violent crowd. Sometimes crowds would pull the bumpers off the car, the rearview mirrors, the licence plates, sometimes the crowds would get on top of the car. And I would lay on the floor, and friends and a bodyguard would be on top of me, in the hope that the car wouldn't cave in."

While her face was known to the world, her own world was shrinking, because for her safety and privacy, she had to retreat. "There was no life for me other than in my house and in my limo," she says. "I remember saying to my therapist that I can't believe I have to take a limo everywhere, and she said, 'That's a very small space if that's all the space you have'."

"When you tell the truth and you're not interested in being manipulated — the phrase was 'Sharon is difficult'."

Diana had the state responsible for keeping her safe, but obviously this was not the case for Sharon, who was falling victim to Tinseltown's primary currency, fame. While the crowds have dwindled over the years — "It's a lot easier now there's 15 paparazzi because you're volleying with a smaller group, no big deal" — the emergence of social media and smartphones has created new issues.

Stone adds: "Now Ray-Ban have started a new kind of glasses. They look like regular glasses but by pressing the button on the temple, it records for 30 seconds. Frankly, I think every black person in the country should have one, so when they get stopped they can start recording what's happening.

"I think it's a great thing in many aspects, but then you have to realise that you can't talk to anybody who has glasses, there's no privacy any more. There was some privacy when I first got famous because every single person didn't just turn on their cellphone video or audio recorder or take a picture. Or, you know, this whole asinine behaviour of 'cancel culture' and everyone being pinned wasn't happening."

The power behind her name allowed her to take more senior roles in moviemaking. She was both star and producer on 1995's *The Quick and the Dead*, a western revenge film that also starred Gene Hackman, a young Russell Crowe, and a very young Leonardo DiCaprio (Stone used her own wages to help get DiCaprio cast, and fought tooth and nail to get Sam Raimi the directing gig). Beauty took a backseat to horse-riding (she would ride several hours each day before filming) and a quick-drawing badass-heroine role in a film that had close ties to westerns such as *Unforgiven* and *High Noon*. It was also the year *Casino* was released, for which Stone secured an Oscar nomination and won a Golden Globe.

Sharon had a senior position on *The Quick and the Dead*, but she was still having to struggle against the prevailing trend, whereby women were expected to do as they were told. She says: "I did a good job on that movie as a producer. I like that movie. But again, it is difficult, as just the nature of who I am, people in my business don't want to take me seriously."

The fact that she was less than willing to play the game had an impact on her career, but in 2022, her approach seems almost ostentatiously correct and sensible. "I think when you tell the truth and you're not so interested in being manipulated, the phrase was 'difficult' — 'Sharon is difficult'," she says. "That really hurt me and it made me quite defensive, because I was saying, 'What did I do that was difficult? I was on time, I knew my lines, I supported my co-star, I did all the press for them and me when they didn't show up, and the movie was a big success. What did I do that was difficult?' I know that it was that I said no to inappropriate things and said yes to things that absolutely should occur that might have been a little bit less convenient for people."

In her autobiography, she describes how producers would call her and ask her to just get on and sleep with her co-star to help the film. Plus ça change…

The actor George Hahn, an alumnus of these pages, and who knows Sharon, says: "Aside from the obvious disarming beauty, she's extremely smart, very passionate about her craft as an actress, and a real human. She feels deeply. She also loves to laugh and has a great sense of humour. She and I share a love of great stand-up comics. I suspect her journey through Hollywood — and everything that that means for a woman and what a woman contends with in the business — has made her tough and wise. When it's a man, people say things like 'no-nonsense guy' or 'a force to be reckoned with'. When it's a woman, people use less flattering descriptions. Sharon is a survivor, literally, who has worked very hard to have a career and a life on her own terms — no small feat for a woman in Hollywood. I love and admire her for that more than I can say."

In 2001, everything came to a juddering halt. Sharon was given little chance of survival following a stroke and bleeding in the brain. Her account of the ordeal in her book is uncomfortable and tense: she takes you into her hospital bed and you feel her fear, the anaesthesia, you hear the monitors. Her survival was miraculous

On Adam:
Jacket, **Dolce & Gabbana**.

and the start of the second life that is referenced in the book's title.

She had a near-death experience that she has discussed on various occasions. Is she scared of the prospect of death now? "No, because it was so great, it was beautiful," she says. "I'd like to see my kids grow up, I'm very curious about their lives, but I have a feeling I'll know anyway. My kids are afraid of me dying. That is because they're very aware of what happened to me, especially my oldest kid, because he was already alive and he went through it in his infancy. It marked him, because I take brain medication and because I sleep more than most people as a reaction to what happened. I sleep a lot, and if I get stressed out or if I'm overworked, I need to sleep.

"Sleep is really my recovery from everything that's going on. The whole situation really marked me, like the PTSD scenario … I have had a lot of therapy, but what happened to me was so unbelievably heavy. I died, I came back to a divorce, endless custody hearings, and ultimately losing custody of my child over everything. Eventually my child came back to me because there was common sense in the world, and then I had two other kids who were amazing. Obviously I demonstrated my parenting and my citizenship to some kind of astounding level that it was impossible to have this pretence that I was incapable any more. This karma of me endlessly having to prove my capacity and decency was a heavy journey that I think I'm finally out the other side of."

"Sex is very different when you're in your twenties. It may be more plentiful but it's certainly not as good."

While acting is Stone's vocation, activism is her passion. When her career was at its zenith, she was finding herself filming around the world and seeing things that brought her perspective into sharp focus, specifically with HIV/Aids. She has been a vocal and powerful voice behind amfAR, the Aids research foundation, and has helped to raise millions of dollars for the cause, receiving a Nobel Peace Summit award for all the work she's done. While for many Aids no longer represents a death sentence, there is still a long way to go in her mind. "There is still no vaccine," she says. "Why? If men were having breast cancer at the same rate as women there would be no breast cancer. If dick cancer was as prolific as breast cancer, there would be no BRCA gene that we hadn't overturned." Did I mention that she pulls no punches?

In her sixties, she beams with a vitality that makes me want to have a lie down. She is not by any means shy, and her approach to dating is extremely refreshing for someone in an achingly self-conscious industry. Sharon seemingly doesn't care tuppence, and any insecurities she has have been worked through enough for her to post videos of herself on Instagram in self-affirming moods. She says: "I am able to have a sense of humour about myself. I am able to post a video saying I'm hot because I am 63, I am able to be funny about myself, and I think that becomes hot. What 63-year-old woman is going to say, 'Step back, because I am hot'?

"I don't think sexiness is about being young. Advertisers would have us think otherwise. I have been in the modelling industry all my life, and I know some beautiful models who have the sex appeal of a turnip. Then you will meet people like David Thewlis, you see him play all these goofy parts, but in person, tremendous sex appeal. He's a poet, a painter, there is a reason he keeps acting, as he has tremendous charisma. Alan Rickman could charm the pants right off you, he just really had 'it'. Sexiness is not about beauty, it is not about saying lines in a bar. Sexiness is, more than any other thing, about knowing who you are and feeling O.K. to be you."

It was reported in 2019 that she was booted off Bumble, as the site assumed it couldn't be her. They were wrong. That is not to say Sharon particularly likes online dating: "It gives you something to do, but it's more like masturbating than sex. Sex is very different when you're in your twenties, and it's not as good. It may be more plentiful but it's certainly not as good. It's the difference between having a McDonald's drive-through and sitting down for a real meal. The French fries are always good but it doesn't mean that's really what you want for dinner."

I must be honest with you, dear reader: about half of what Sharon and I discussed during our interview will remain between us. You'd probably not really want to read it, but believe me when I say the things we discussed privately were important and deeply rooted in honesty and courage (both ways). She is happy to talk to people, whoever they are (even editors looking to write a story); she wants to find out about the person she is speaking to. Yes, as she writes in her autobiography, asking questions is a trick that Arnold Schwarzenegger taught her when they were on the press tour for *Total Recall*, but that was a long time ago, and she has discovered a whole lot more about herself since that time, so I believe her interest comes from a good place, one that is both playful and curious.

We met as strangers and departed perhaps not as friends but two people who shared something (I got a nickname, too, but that is also between us). Her good nature and conscientiousness meant that when she had an opportunity to meet someone new, she made the most of it. They say that to get love, you must first give it away. Sharon Stone has not only given love for much of her life, she has sacrificed even more, and so at least for this magazine, and certainly this writer, we send our love right back.

Sweater and shoes, **Dolce & Gabbana**; stockings, **Wolford**.

Top, **Monsoori**; boots, **Saint Laurent**.

Sweater, **Khaite**.

MAKE-UP: AMY ORESMAN AT A-FRAME AGENCY
HAIR: ADIR ABERGEL AT A-FRAME AGENCY
PHOTO 1ST ASSISTANT: THOMAS HENRIKSEN
POST-PRODUCTION: MARY SPENCER AT LAGOM POST
MALE MODEL: ADAM SENN AT IMG MODELS

PISTE DE RÉSISTANCE

There might have been fondue and furs rather than pools and pisco sours, but Slim Aarons was equally happy capturing the good life at 1,500 metres as he was in a tropical paradise. **STUART HUSBAND** *takes a walk through the photographer's winter wonderland…*

GETTY IMAGES

"A girl an look sexier in ski clothes than in a bathing suit," opined Fred Picard, the self-styled "international authority on glamour in the snow", in those hoary, unreconstructed days of yore — 1957, to be precise. Picard was keen to cash in on the fact that skiing had outgrown its rarefied, even austere, beginnings, and had gone beguilingly mainstream. He was a Swiss skiwear designer who'd opened his own emporium in Sun Valley, Idaho — the premier American resort pioneered in the 1930s by businessman and diplomat W. Averell Harriman that attracted marquee names from Hollywood (Errol Flynn, Lucille Ball, even Marilyn Monroe) as well as the world's best racers. Ski fashion — perhaps the ultimate blend of function and fashion, practicality and glamour — made a suitably stylish counterpoint to the pristine backdrops of Verbier, Zermatt or Sun Valley itself, of which Harriman said: "We didn't run it to make money, we ran it to be a perfect place." Picard certainly had an eye for perfection. Among his other aperçus: "The best way to hunt a husband is on skis" and, "A beautiful girl is never more radiant than when her cheeks are glowing and her eyes sparkling from healthful outdoor exercise at 10 below".

Picard had a soulmate in Slim Aarons, the American photographer who carved out a gilded post-war niche by, as he famously had it, "photographing attractive people doing attractive things in attractive places". These included, most familiarly, socialites sipping poolside cocktails in the streamlined shadows of their mid-century-modern villas; duchesses and marchionesses seated in their broughams before their imposing European piles; and actresses frolicking amid pristine Caribbean inlets (a veteran of the invasion of the Italian coastal resort of Anzio during world war II, where he received a head wound and was later awarded a Purple Heart for his bravery, Aarons said he would be tempted back onto a beach only "if it was decorated with beautiful girls tanning in a tranquil sun"). But the Aarons archive, housed with Getty Images, also includes hundreds of shots taken amid the pines, lifts and runs of the most exclusive ski resorts, from St. Moritz and Gstaad to Snowmass Village in Colorado. It may be fondue and furs rather than pools and pisco sours, but the princesses and partygoers peopling these shots conform to the patented Aarons aesthetic. "Whether it was the Italian Riviera, the Swiss Alps or the Arizona desert, Slim captured the essence of a place through his photographs of the people who enjoyed its unique flavour," said Kathryn Livingston, an editor who worked with Aarons on a number of assignments. "From the minute he arrived on location, he began to search for a handful of good-looking women or the latest pretty young trendsetter who could give his story a touch of fairytale romance."

Aarons didn't have to look far amid the rarefied schussing spots for the requisite 'glamour in the snow'. Recreational skiing had been the exclusive domain of the rich, royal and famous throughout the first half of the 20th century, and Paris couturiers such as Coco Chanel, Jean Patou, Emilio Pucci and Elsa Schiaparelli had all produced 'la couture sportif' ranges — sharp silhouettes, bold prints, perky berets, fitted knitwear — for the active, independent women taking to the slopes. (Schiaparelli's daughter, the aptly named Gogo, was a champion skier, and helped make Schiaparelli's tortoiseshell goggles the de rigueur slalom accessory of the late 1930s.) In the immediate post-war era, when the sport became a byword for winter leisure-luxe, the German ski racer Willy Bogner and his mother, Maria, came up with the concept of nylon-wool blend stretch ski pants with stirrups — the Little Black Dress of the slopes — which were quickly adopted by the likes of Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor and Jackie Kennedy, and which would go on to dominate ski fashion for decades to come. Such was their impact, Warren Miller, the ski and snowboarding filmmaker, attributed the sport's enduring popularity in the 1950s and sixties — the years when Aarons began prowling the resorts with his trusty Leica — almost entirely to the impact of the Bogners' 'glam-tilitarian' pants. "Let's face it, sex sells," he averred. "Anyone who was in reasonable shape could put on a pair of these stretch pants and look as sleek and attractive as someone in a James Bond movie." Neither did it hurt that Hollywood itself was providing a steady stream of role models to emulate: think of Audrey Hepburn, in a chocolate-brown Givenchy catsuit and oversized sunglasses, sipping a macchiato on a terrace in the French resort of Megève in the opening scene of the 1963 movie *Charade*, or a snap of Grace Kelly, taken a year earlier, sledding in Gstaad in a chunky white cable-knit sweater and beanie while hugging her similarly be-woollened children, Albert and Caroline.

Aarons didn't have to look far amid the rarefied schussing spots for the requisite 'glamour in the snow'.

Clockwise from top left:
Ski champion Max Rieger with writer Meg O'Neil on the balcony of a villa in Gudauri, Georgia, 1990; Tina Windscheid on horseback in St. Moritz, 1989; and the American socialite and fashion writer Nan Kempner, centre, at the Sugarbush Mountain ski resort in Vermont, 1960.

GETTY IMAGES

Opposite page: **Manuela Boraomanero, left, and Emanuela Beghelli in the Italian ski resort of Cortina d'Ampezzo, 1976.**

This page: **Didi Fenton on 'the green' of a snow-covered golf course in St. Moritz, circa 1983.**

GETTY IMAGES

Clockwise from top left: Skiers in a horse-drawn gondola in Klosters, Switzerland, in 1981; a woman leaning from the window of a cable car in Sugarbush, Vermont, circa 1960; a woman films with a Wollensak Eye-Matic 8mm movie camera on Sugarbush Mountain, 1960; and, from left, Christine Camerana, Caroline Stoop and Christine Semenenko prepare for a day on the slopes in Gstaad, Switzerland, 1977.

GETTY IMAGES

A fancy dress après-ski party in Zermatt, 1968.

For Aarons, putting the 'high' into high society was simply a matter of swapping out Bailey's Beach Club in Newport and the Caccia Club in Rome for the Eagle Club in Gstaad or the Corviglia Club in St. Moritz. "He gradually covered people and places few other photographers could get to," wrote Laura Hawk in her introduction to *Slim Aarons: Women*, "and often breezed into the most exclusive resorts and old-guard clubs where the press was restricted, if not completely banned."

Aarons' long association with the magazines *Town & Country* and *Holiday*, both of which documented the rise of the newly minted leisure classes as they flitted between newly inaugurated hotspots, also granted him an ultimate insider's view. Witness his picture of skiers adjourning for champagne at a snow-bar in the resort of Squaw Valley, California, in 1961, just a year after it staged the Winter Olympics: to the right of the women in shearling gilets and Fair Isle sweaters is Alexander Cochrane Cushing, Squaw Valley's owner, described by *The New York Times* as "a shrewd lawyer, dealmaker and corporate cajoler who favoured a tweed jacket cut by Davies of London and a red bandana over mass-produced ski clothing"; his "wilfulness" and "promotional zeal" had made his mountain into "a Hollywood colony frequented by Gene Kelly, Bing Crosby and Sophia Loren".

Aarons was surely being disingenuous when he wrote, in the introduction to his first book, *A Wonderful Time* (1960), that "the big problem for a magazine photographer on a skiing assignment is that all slopes look pretty much alike". After all, the women he placed before those backdrops had singular stories to tell. Take Princess Alexander von Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfürst, whom he photographed in full Tyrolean Maria von Trapp rig alongside her husband in the Austrian Alps in 1958. The former Patricia 'Honeychile' Wilder, a spunky showgirl from Georgia, she was said to have been the inspiration for the Ian Fleming character of the same name in *Dr. No* (renamed Honey Ryder for the film). Wilful and vivacious, she liked to purr, "I could have been a queen but settled for being a princess", alluding not so subtly to a previous dalliance with King Farouk of Egypt. Or take Princess Lucy Ruspoli, one of Aarons' favourite muses, who was pictured in front of an impeccably battered ski wall in Lech am Arlberg in Austria in 1979 in a vivid orange greatcoat. The former Lucy Young, of Lexington, Kentucky, she had grown up amid the equine splendour of her father's thoroughbred racing stud after he made a fortune from peanut farming; her husband, Prince Mario Ruspoli, could trace his ancestry back to 13th-century Florence.

In St. Moritz, which Aarons frequented more than any other European resort, he hit on a novel idea for a 1983 shoot when he heard that his pal Didi Fenton, the philanthropist wife of the New York Philharmonic chairman Oscar S. Schafer, liked to practise her golf swings on the frozen Lake St. Moritz. Fenton is captured, in decade-appropriate acid-yellow jumpsuit, celebrating a hole in one. The New York society hostess, couture maven and writer Nan Kempner, meanwhile, was photographed in typically jocular spirits at her favourite resort, Sugarbush

GETTY IMAGES

An après-ski gathering in Snowmass Village, Colorado, 1968.

Opposite page: **The Cushing family relaxes on the slopes of the Squaw Valley resort, one of the largest ski areas in the U.S., in Olympic Valley, California, 1961.**

This page: **Holidaymakers dine at the Eagle Club in Gstaad, Switzerland, in 1969.**

GETTY IMAGES

18+

WHAT IS AVAXHOME?

AVAXHOME-

the biggest Internet portal, providing you various content: brand new books, trending movies, fresh magazines, hot games, recent software, latest music releases.

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in Vermont, in 1960 — the same resort where, some years later, having opted for stretch pants (the record doesn't state whether they were Bogners) that failed to keep out the sub-zero temperatures, she refused to sacrifice style for comfort, stopping the après-ski frolics for emergency infusions of hot chocolate every hour rather than going home to change.

Sometimes the stories could be a little more piquant. Princess Luciana Pignatelli, photographed in 1961 at a ski rack in Lech am Arlberg in Hermès scarf and fitted Fair Isle, was married to Prince Don Nicolò Maria Pignatelli Aragon Cortès, a Gulf oil executive whose title derived from the Kingdom of Aragon; she later married Burt Simms Avedon, a cousin of the legendary fashion photographer and portraitist Richard Avedon. In the 1970s she wrote beauty and diet books and became the 'face' of Camay soap. But in October 2008, having learned her investments had been rendered worthless, Pignatelli took an overdose of sleeping pills, reportedly saying, "I can't face being old and poor".

"What is clear is that Slim favoured as subjects vibrant women with great personal style and an abundance of confidence."

Meanwhile, one of Aarons' most impressive St. Moritz shots featured Karen V. Kopseng Davis, an opera singer and former Ford model, being ferried across the frozen lake in a sled with the façade of the Palace Hotel looming in the background. Davis, almond-eyed and auburn-haired, dressed in diva chiffon and clutching a red rose, is pictured in 1978, just a few years after this one-time Miss North Dakota made her debut at La Scala. A year later she suffered a debilitating stroke while on stage and retired to New York; she died in 2006. By contrast, ski 'bum' Alice Clement, a waitress and dishwasher at Stowe in Vermont carrying her skis on the way to a run, has, in her knit blouse and plaid skirt, something of the fresh-faced simplicity of Patsy Pulitzer, the *Vogue* model and socialite whom Aarons photographed astride an Everglades seaplane and who came to epitomise a certain ideal of mid-century American beauty, "that of privileged and sporty girls who embraced the great outdoors", according to Laura Hawk.

Some of Aarons' shots are absolutely emblematic of their era — the Italian socialites Manuela Boraomanero and Emanuela Beghelli, resplendent in stripy leg-warmers, thermal hot-pants, and hirsute yeti boots, providing a pure hit of seventies va-va-voom in the snowfields of Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Dolomites, say, or the eighties e-fit embodied by Princess Bianca Hanau-Schaumburg (pink jumpsuit, leopard-print fanny-pack, backcombed coiffure, deep tan, statement watch, adjacent cocktail) as she poses outside her Gstaad chalet. But the majority are timeless studies of the good life at 1,500 metres, from the shots of picnickers in down jackets and reflective shades gathered round trestle tables laden with fresh fruit, pastries and wedges of Emmental to the ranks of anonymous 'snow bathers' perched on loungers and swathed in tartan blankets. So timeless, in fact, that they could be contemporaneous, given that ski fashion moves at a, well, glacial pace, and that even those brands at the cutting edge never fail to have an Aarons shot or two featuring prominently on their mood-boards.

Jane Gottschalk, the Creative Director of the much-Instagrammed skiwear line Perfect Moment, marries the highest-tech fabrics with retro-referencing Gstaad-shot campaigns featuring the likes of Roger Moore's granddaughter, while Miuccia Prada's autumn/winter 2021 show for Miu Miu was a full-dress homage to Aarons' vision of high-altitude style, with a film shot on the corduroy pistes of Cortina d'Ampezzo, a favourite resort of Loren and Aarons himself.

It's no accident that, like a well-lubricated chairlift, Aarons kept returning to the world's ritziest peaks. "What is clear," writes Hawk in *Slim Aarons: Women*, "is that Slim favoured as subjects, more than anything else, vibrant women with great personal style and an abundance of confidence." There was no shortage of glowing-cheeked, sparkling-eyed exemplars (husband-hunting or not) in the Alpine redoubts he haunted to provide the requisite fairytale effect. Perhaps the ultimate approbation for Aarons came in 1984, when, on assignment in St. Moritz, he was having tea in the Palace Hotel and Gianni Agnelli walked in. "Slim waved him over," writes Hawk, "and as they set up an appointment for a photograph later in the week, they bantered about where each had been and whom they had met there, playing a pleasant game of one-upmanship. As Agnelli took leave, he gave Slim the greatest possible compliment in Slim's estimation when he offered, 'Hey, Slim, I want your job'." Even Agnelli had to give way to someone who had the power to create a female-centred, idealised and enduring vision of la dolce vita — or, in these instances, *la dolce vita nella neve*.

Two women relax on improvised sunbeds in Cranmore Mountain, New Hampshire, circa 1955.

GETTY IMAGES

IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK

A rakish couple, both alike in their dignity... and in London the scene is set.

photography **rachell smith** *fashion direction* **grace gilfeather**

special thanks to Rosewood London

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Opening spread:
Her: White silk slip, **By Committee**.
Him: Como Boutique paisley unlined silk dressing gown, **New & Lingwood at The Rake**.
Cut-throat razors, *kindly loaned by Truefitt & Hill.*

This page:
Camel Jena stretch camel hair jacket and waistcoat, off-white silk shirt and trousers, all **Ralph Lauren Collection**; camel suede pumps, **Jimmy Choo**; Royal Oak self-winding, **Audemars Piguet**; the Happy Diamonds collection earrings featuring diamonds and two dancing diamonds set in 18ct rose-gold and Nuage ring from the Precious Lace collection in ethical 18ct rose-gold set with pear-shaped and brilliant-cut diamonds, **Chopard**.

Opposite page:
Blue cotton pin-collar shirt, green silk tie, red paisley silk pocket-square and navy flannel suit, all **Edward Sexton**; crosshatch silver cufflinks, **Asprey at The Rake**; navy St. James fedora, **Lock & Co**; Tonneau Grand Cru featuring a diamond baguette bezel (2.90ct) COSC-certified chronometer set in 18ct rose-gold set on a brown alligator strap, **Chopard L.U.C**.

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Opposite page:
Grey cashmere crew-neck, navy and suede patch cashmere flannel shirt and grey wool flannel trouser, all **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; red paisley silk pocket-square, **Edward Sexton**; Red Havana opticals, **Cutler & Gross**; purple cotton socks, **London Sock Company**; black saddle leather Hanover 1 briefcase, **Asprey at The Rake**; mink suede Cranley boot, **Edward Green**; flyback watch from the L.U.C collection featuring a khaki-coloured dial, COSC-certified chronometer, limited edition of 100 pieces set in titanium on a calfskin brown strap, **Chopard**.

This page:
Camel Jena stretch camel hair jacket and waistcoat, off-white silk shirt and trousers, all **Ralph Lauren Collection**; camel suede pumps, **Jimmy Choo**; Royal Oak self-winding, **Audemars Piguet**; earring from the Happy Diamonds collection featuring diamonds and two dancing diamonds set in 18ct rose-gold, Chopard Nuage ring from the Precious Lace collection in ethical 18ct rose-gold set with pear-shaped and brilliant-cut diamonds, **Chopard**.

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Opposite page:
Off-white pearl and crystals fringed gown, **Thom Laurence**; cream patent leather pumps, **Jimmy Choo**; Torsade de Chaumet necklace in white-gold, set with brilliant-cut diamonds, **Chaumet**; the L'Heure Du Diamant collection timepiece featuring a white mother of pearl dial, round brilliant-cut diamond bezel (5.58ct), round brilliant diamonds (1.36ct), briolette-cut diamond crown in 18ct white-gold on a black alligator strap, **Chopard**.

This page:
Black cotton and satin peak lapel tuxedo, white dress shirt and black silk bow-tie and white silk pocket-square, all **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; crosshatch silver cufflinks, **Asprey**; fire burst opticals, **Cutler & Gross**; frosted gold self-winding chronograph, **Audemars Piguet**.

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Him: Black cotton and satin peak lapel tuxedo, white dress shirt and black silk bow-tie and white silk pocket-square, all **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**; crosshatch silver cufflinks, **Asprey**; fire burst opticals, **Cutler & Gross**; frosted gold self-winding chronograph, **Audemars Piguet**.

Her: Off-white pearl and crystals fringed gown, **Thom Laurence**; cream patent leather pumps, **Jimmy Choo**; Torsade de Chaumet necklace in white-gold, set with brilliant-cut diamonds, **Chaumet**; the L'Heure Du Diamant collection timepiece featuring a white mother of pearl dial, round brilliant-cut diamond bezel (5.58ct), round brilliant diamonds (1.36ct), briolette-cut diamond crown in 18ct white-gold on a black alligator strap, **Chopard**.

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This page:
Khaki cotton twill Gabriella dress, **Carmen Llaguno**; yellow-gold Talisman medal pendant, **Goossens Paris**; rose-gold Bee My Love bracelet and rose-gold oval-cut amethyst and brilliant-cut diamonds, Bee My Love Exquises cocktail ring, both **Chaumet**.

Opposite page:
Turmeric yellow Bridge coat, **Edward Sexton**; navy cashmere cable knit roll-neck, **Anderson & Sheppard**; Seamaster 300m Co-Axial Master Chronometer 41mm bronze-gold on leather strap, **Omega**.

Her: Camel Jena stretch camel hair jacket and waistcoat, off-white silk shirt and trousers, all **Ralph Lauren Collection.**

Him: blue cotton pin-collar shirt, green silk tie, red paisley silk pocket-square and navy flannel suit, all **Edward Sexton.**

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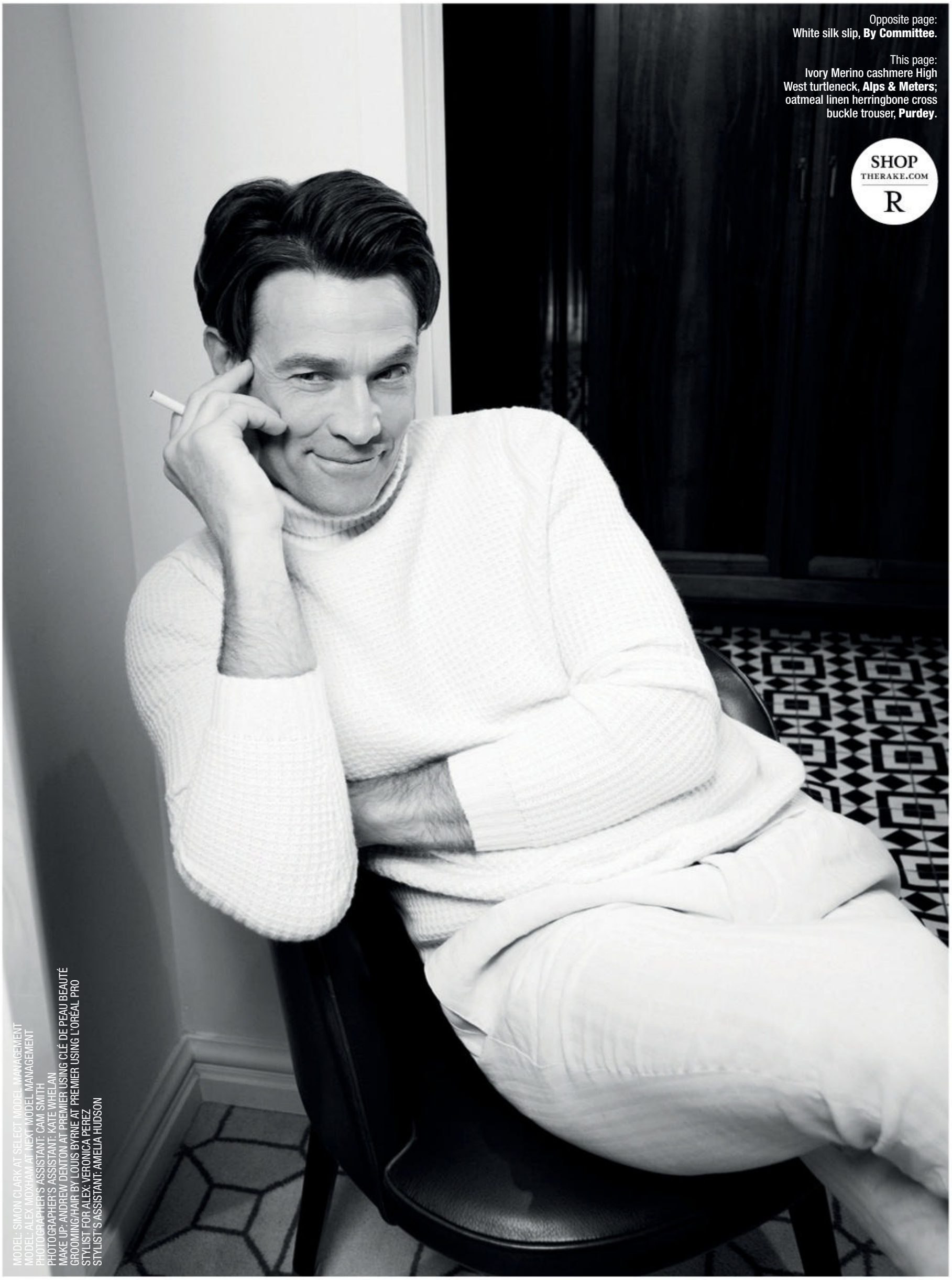
This and opposite page:
Navy blue virgin wool and silk Virgilio suit, **Brioni**; ice-blue Oxford cotton shirt, **Emma Willis at The Rake**; navy and green Madder silk tie, **Budd Shirtmakers**; blue cotton floral pocket-square, *stylist's own*; purple cotton socks, **London Sock Company**; dark oak Antique calf Cadogan brogue, **Edward Green**; Quattro Spirit 25 featuring a white Grand Feu enamel dial crafted by the enamel artisan of Chopard Manufacture in Fleurier with Poinçon de Genève quality hallmark in ethical 18ct rose-gold with brown alligator leather strap limited and numbered edition of 100 pieces, **Chopard L.U.C**.

Opposite page:
Khaki cotton twill Gabriella dress, **Carmen Llaguno**; yellow-gold Talisman medal pendant, **Goossens Paris**; rose-gold Bee My Love bracelet and rose-gold oval-cut amethyst and brilliant-cut diamonds, Bee My Love Exquises cocktail ring, both **Chaumet**.



Opposite page:
White silk slip, **By Committee**.

This page:
Ivory Merino cashmere High West turtleneck, **Alps & Meters**; oatmeal linen herringbone cross buckle trouser, **Purdey**.

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MODEL: SIMON CLARK AT SELECT MODEL MANAGEMENT
MODEL: ALEX MOXHAM AT NEXT MODEL MANAGEMENT
PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: CAM SMITH
PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: KATE WHELAN
MAKE UP: ANDREW DENTON AT PREMIER USING CLÉ DE PEAU BEAUTÉ
GROOMING/HAIR BY LOUIS BYRNE AT PREMIER USING L'ORÉAL PRO
STYLIST FOR ALEX: VERONICA PEREZ
STYLIST'S ASSISTANT: AMELIA HUDSON

KIM LANG

shop the rake

BUCKING FASHION TRENDS; THE LADY OF THE RAKE.

PARK LIFE

The colder months can force us to retreat into sartorial simplicity. At **THE RAKE**, *we feel this is a missed opportunity, for in winter, silhouette, material and colour should take centre stage...*

photography ***kim lang*** *fashion direction* ***veronica perez***

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Section opener:
Brown sheepskin Brynner jacket, **Cromford Leather Company at The Rake**; green cord double-breasted jacket, **G. Inglese at The Rake**; beige cotton hidden button-down shirt and blue silk reppe tie, both **Edward Sexton at The Rake**.

This spread:
Navy wool and cotton herringbone trenchcoat, **Lardini at The Rake**; grey flannel double-breasted jacket, grey flannel house trousers, blue cotton pin-collar shirt and blue and red silk geometric print tie, all **Edward Sexton at The Rake**.

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This page:
Mustard-yellow wool bridge coat, chocolate brown silk shirt, navy hopsack wool double-breasted blazer, brown wool trouser, all **Edward Sexton at The Rake**; burgundy leather lace-up shoes, **Edward Green**.

Boutonnière and pocket-square, *property of The Rake*.

Opposite page, top:
Green Hopkins leather jacket, **Cromford Leather Company at The Rake**; washed indigo denim western shirt, **G. Inglese at The Rake**; light grey VBC flannel AK MC Riviera trouser, **Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo at The Rake**; Granhult dark brown suede Chelsea boot, **MYRQVIST at The Rake**; green silk print neckerchief, **Lorenzo Cifonelli x The Rake**.

Opposite page, bottom:
Blue Japanese corduroy Native American sherpa tucker jacket and brown corduroy FDP Western shirt, both **Barbanera at The Rake**; dark blue cotton winter trousers, **Anderson & Sheppard at The Rake**.

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Opposite page:
Mustard-yellow wool bridge coat, **Edward Sexton at The Rake**.

This page:
Green wool special coat, brown wool lady drop jacket and brown cord dyed drop trousers, **Lardini at The Rake**; mid-grey cashmere jumper, **Edward Sexton at The Rake**; grey cashmere scarf, **Anderson & Sheppard**.

Aircraft blue suede lined Valstarino, **Valstar**; off-white and blue cotton striped shirt, **G. Inglese at The Rake**; brown wool drawstring trousers, **Lardini at The Rake**; blue silk reppe tie, **Edward Sexton at The Rake**; grey cotton sock, **London Sock Company**; dark oak antique calf Lambourne boots, **Edward Green**.

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Opposite page:
Off-white cotton corduroy AK MC signature Gatsby jacket and off-white cotton corduroy AK MC double-breasted waistcoat, **Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo at The Rake**; brown cotton Prince of Wales check Anacapri shirt, **G. Inglese at The Rake**; brown cord trousers, E**dward Sexton at The Rake**; burgundy cashmere print pocket-square, **Anderson & Sheppard**; dark oak antique calf Lambourne boots, **Edward Green**.

Burgundy tie, *property of The Rake.*

This page:
Navy super-soft Angora/wool contemporary duffel coat, natural beige air wool roll-neck cable sweater, AK MC Perfect cotton blue jeans, **Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo at The Rake.**

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Brown sheepskin Brynner jacket, **Cromford Leather Company at The Rake**; green cord double-breasted jacket, **G. Inglese at The Rake**; beige cotton hidden button-down shirt and blue silk reppe tie, both **Edward Sexton at The Rake**.

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Opposite page, top:
Brown sheepskin Brynner jacket, **Cromford Leather Company at The Rake**; green cord double-breasted jacket, **G. Inglese at The Rake**; beige cotton hidden button-down shirt and blue silk reppe tie, both **Edward Sexton at The Rake**; dark oak antique calf Lambourne boots, **Edward Green**.

Opposite page, bottom:
Green leather suede acton jacket and khaki wool Loden gilet, both **Purdey at The Rake**; natural beige air wool roll-neck cable sweater, AK MC Perfect cotton blue jeans, **Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo at The Rake**.

This page:
Navy Merino wool and cashmere rib shawl-collar cardigan, **Anderson & Sheppard at The Rake**; burgundy cashmere long-sleeve polo shirt, **Barbanera**; blue worsted wool plum Black Watch tartan pleated Aleksandar trousers, **Kit Blake at The Rake**.

ALTITUDE AND STYLE

We have curated a fine array of luxury womenswear for a special getaway with your better half this season.

by ***eleonor picciotto***

I find it mesmerising that fashion trends always come full circle. If you study the image opposite of the photographer Lindsay McCrum shot by Slim Aarons 40 years ago, you realise it could be influencer Camille Charrière's older sister pictured recently wearing bright colours, stacking bracelets, an oversize jacket she spotted at a flea market, and a pattern scarf to top off her eighties look. The confusion of time becomes more palpable in a period in which dressing up is more often appreciated by your own mirror than other people. Still, embarking on 2022 with health and hope, Mrs Rake is detouring via the French Alps for the winter. She embraces style and elegance at high altitude even when she stops for a *vin chaud* and maybe a fondue if enough calories have been burned during her morning runs.

And she is happy to present our seasonal recommendations for the woman in your life…

When photographed in 1982, McCrum was drinking a glass of burgundy at the top of the Cortina mountains with vintage bangles adorning her wrists … The 2022 version would feature Mrs Rake rocking a watch, preferably a vintage or modern version of the Bulgari Serpenti … To be specific: the **Serpenti Spiga** in chocolate-brown ceramic adorned with diamonds and rose-gold inserts.

The **Moncler Rimac** velvet puffer jacket is the perfect on-piste and après-ski option with which to face plunging temperatures. The signature brown of the Italian house highlighted with touches of silk is the epitome of style, elegance and cosiness. The high collar and quilted body filled with down and feathers combine to offer maximum warmth and comfort.

The **Fumagalli** family have been displaying their sense of fashion, textile tradition and Italian craftsmanship in pattern fabrics since 1891. Folded as a headband or casually wrapped around the neck, their silk or wool scarves are a must-have for the season.

Dividing her time between London and Guatemala, where she grew up, Raquel Valladares Urruela created **Scalo**, which enhances the work of Mayan women using vintage Mayan textiles. Each purse is one of a kind, assembled and crafted with Italian leather mixed with the work of Mayan weavers, who take pride in preserving the embroidery technique used since pre-Hispanic times.

As for Mrs Rake's jewellery essentials … The Aura necklace from the Swiss designer **Frédérique Berman** is long and visible enough to accessorise a classic dark-shade cashmere turtleneck. Each of the seven coloured stones represents one chakra, balancing the energies of your body.

A pair of statement earrings will always do the trick if there is no time to change or put on make-up. Mastering the Portuguese filigree technique, **Maria João Bahia** plays with gold like no other. Her Tetris earrings, which she crafts by hand, are an openwork of white-gold topped with diamonds in an organic shape. The signet ring is too cool to be old school, especially nowadays, as they can be worn on any finger. The Parisian-based designer **Yvonne Léon** excels in imagining different shapes and colours adorned with diamonds or coloured stones. Here, the Gaufrette mixes textured white- and yellow-gold with a fine line of diamonds.

Bulgari Serpenti Spiga

Scalo

Moncler Rimac

Fumagalli

Maria João Bahia

Yvonne Léon

Frédérique Berman

GETTY IMAGES

A portrait of the photographer Lindsay McCrum, shot by Slim Aarons, in Cortina D'Ampezzo in 1982.

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PARTAGAS
HABANA, CUBA

KIM LANG

compendium

SQUARE IN THE EYE; **CAPTURING MOMENTS IN TIME;** FREEMAN OF THE CITY OF HAVANA; **WHIP, LASH.**

The urban explorer
BR 05 Chrono White Hawk.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY

Bell & Ross have been around for only 30 years, but with the BR 05, they have cornered the market in urban-chic luxury watches. Bruno Belamich, the brand's designer, tells us how they did it.

by ***justin hast***

When you suffer, as I do, with an addiction of the horological kind, you attempt, in the quieter moments, to trace its origin. For me, it was a stonkingly warm summer evening in Nice; I was in my early twenties, and I was fortunate enough to be roaming the wonderful promenade. Such was the strength of the sun, I had to take solace inside the iconic menswear store Albert Arts (founded by Jean Goldberg of Façonnable). While the store was wonderful (heavily inspired by everything British), the manager, a suave, charming Frenchman in ecru shorts and a denim shirt, was rocking an oversized, black, square watch. I couldn't take my eyes off it. It was like nothing I had seen before. I asked him about it, and he mentioned it was a Bell & Ross, who were French watchmakers inspired by aviation. Needless to say, I hunted down a local retailer and grabbed a bunch of catalogues and spent the remainder of the holiday engrossed.

In the world of watchmaking, Bell & Ross are relatively young bucks. They were founded in 1992 as a university project by two friends: Bruno Belamich and Carlos Rosillo. Belamich (pictured, at right) is the 'Bell' in the brand's name, and the designer of the watches; Rosillo (at left) is the 'Ross', and the operational head of the company. The vision? Functional, robust watches. The idea was to create instrumental pieces inspired by everything military — special forces, diving commandos, air forces and field action in general.

In the early days, their watches were made by a third party (Sinn, a well-regarded Swiss maker). Thereafter, there was a part-acquisition by Chanel's timepieces division. But the real shift in the company, in terms of products, came in 2005, with the introduction of the BR 01. It would become the cornerstone of the brand. Crucially, it was easily recognisable from across a room, something all watchmakers strive for and Bell & Ross have always had in abundance.

Since then, and most recently, the big new design shift has been towards the brand's urban-chic BR 05, in 2019. The BR 05 is a 40mm steel case and bracelet watch (at least, it was initially) with an automatic movement, and is available in three colours (blue, black and grey). It is smaller in proportion to others in the stable, and it has been wildly popular.

There are 29 variations of the BR 05 available on the Bell & Ross website (including strap variations). Breaking that down, we have: a GMT, a chronograph, a time-only steel reference, a skeleton dial, a gold and two-tone case. When asked about the development of the BR 05, Belamich said: "Novelties are necessary to animate the creativity of the brand. It energises. From internal teams to resellers, the watch landscape depends a lot on novelty and the creation that goes with it. When we are launching a completely new model, such as the BR 05, it takes about two years ahead to plan it. When it is a line extension, it is planned a year in advance. For the BR 05, it is a project that has been growing since 2014, in my mind. After three years of reflection, we started working on this collection. It took two years in total, between the moment we started drawing the first sketch of the watch and the moment we approved its design. The goal was to develop an intermediate model between the square — our utilitarian icon — and the round, which is universal and generic. With this new line in mind, we did not want to create a city watch but a Bell & Ross watch made for the city. The BR 05 is the subtly square watch for the city."

It's been fascinating to see how the reference has developed into a wide family of watches.

The BR 05 Skeleton Blue was introduced in 2020 and limited to 500 pieces. (Some love to see the inner workings of a mechanical watch, and some don't, though it's fair to say this model went down well among collectors.)

The BR 05 Black Steel and Gold was launched in July 2020, followed by the chronograph variation, which showcased a new-size steel case at 42mm, available in black and blue. "The BR 05 is a perfect blend between our iconic square model and a type of watch in which the case merges with the bracelet to create a compact and harmonious whole," Belamich says. "The size is justified by the function, the movement. The function creates the form — the motto of Bell & Ross — and the BR 05 is no exception to the rule.

"The reason we launched our first model in 40mm is that it is the most universal and reasonable size. For the chronograph, 42mm is justified by the function. It is also another extreme, and it completes the collection in an obvious way. Finally,

Clockwise from top left: The revealing lines of the BR 05 Skeleton Blue; two-toning with the BR 05 Steel & Gold; and the brother-from-another-mother Chrono Blue Steel.

it also meets the expectations of the market. For the GMT function, the 41mm case represents the middle ground. It is the in-between, the balance."

October 2020 saw the introduction of the BR 05 Blue Gold, a new version of the 18ct rose-gold with a blue dial, shortly followed by a limited-edition Skeleton in early 2021 that incorporated the brand's 'Lum' concept: the BR 05 Skeleton Nightlum, limited to 500 pieces. We all know what LumiNova does and what it looks like in low light, but with the BR 05 Skeleton Nightlum, Bell & Ross took the effect to another level of brightness and functionality. The dial looks like it's alive at night — like some sort of deep-sea urchin that inhabits the darkness.

"The function creates the form — the motto of Bell & Ross — and the BR 05 is no exception to the rule."

The most significant launch of last year was the BR 05 GMT, in September. It came in at 41mm, and I have to confess, it's wonderful to see Bell & Ross playing in this size category. Not only does it open up the brand to new audiences, the size is, in my opinion, more authentically French in its elegance. There were two new high-end additions to the family in September, with the BR 05 Gold Skeleton, limited to 99 pieces, and the BR 05 Diamond.

Finally, in case anyone had felt left out, there were the BR 05 Gold limited edition, the BR 05 Skeleton grey chrono, and the BR 05 Chrono White Hawk, which was limited to 250 pieces. Belamich says: "It was an important stake. When you design a watch, you have to meet many criteria, and this is always a delicate and complex exercise. Especially here, where we could not distort our iconic timepiece but, rather, complete it.

"We had to make a choice between the visible perfection of the finishes and the sharpened aspect to the touch or a softer finish and feel. The second formula wasn't suitable, as it was spoiling the aesthetics of this watch. The polished-satin finish creates a contrast effect between two finishing techniques and enhances the watch in every aspect. "With the polishing technique, we obtain a shiny surface that will reflect the light. Satin finishing, on the other hand, is a matte and sophisticated technique. It creates a silky surface with subtle nuances that will catch the light. It is perfectly suited for an active lifestyle. It is all about the details, the finishes. We have sought excellence and performance in the quality of materials, waterproofing, etc. It is a jewel."

In watchmaking, these kinds of innovations tend to take decades, so it has been remarkable to see the speed at which Bell & Ross have expanded on their new design code BR 05. What comes next? It will be a pleasure to find out.

Clockwise from top left: the Skeleton Nightlum; the all-gold everything of the Skeleton Gold; the ultimate travel companion in the BR 05 GMT; and the BR 05 Diamond.

PHOTO SYNTHESIS

It has been a long wait, but the L1 and L2 timepieces from Leica are finally here, and they are a tonic for those of us who savour the utilitarian design values of the peerless German camera company.

by ***nick scott***

The phrase 'made in Italy', and its lofty connotations of quality, romance, authenticity and soul-stirring elegance, will reside at the forefront of most *Rake* readers' minds. But what of 'made in Germany'? The word 'quality' can be found in the centre of the Venn diagram, of course, but all sorts of other notions sit elsewhere in the circles, and equally proudly: from austere-yet-elegant functional design principles to meticulous engineering via robust durability.

The apotheosis of the 'made in Germany' concept is pictured on these pages: two watches — named, with asceticism befitting the entire project, Leica L1 and Leica L2 — from a company that effectively invented spontaneous photo reportage. (Leica, founded by Ernst Leitz in 1869, make optical lenses, photographic lenses, binoculars, rifle scopes and microscopes as well as cameras.)

"Leica's core values are, without doubt, all about design, quality, haptics, engineering… and Germanness," says Stefan Ebner-Kaufmann, the Global Director of Leica's Product Division Accessories, and a figure whose remit is to develop the brand's repertoire of accessories. "When it comes to other objects that carry the Leica brand, such as these watches, I always try to search in the Leica universe — from the past as well as what is coming up — but not only from a design perspective: also from the point of view of how we at Leica solve problems in an elegant and attractive way."

There are plenty of commendable features to the Leica L1 and L2. They are two timepieces (identical, except for the latter possessing a GMT function, a second time zone and a day-night display) that have been in planning since mid 2018, and that, in keeping with the 'made in Germany' designation, are the fruits of a partnership with mechanical engineers Lehmann Präzision, at whose Black Forest production centre most of the components were fashioned. Their 41mm dials — matte-black with white markers and made of high-strength aluminium, and also graced with rhodium-plated and diamond-plated indices — are a supreme expression of graceful, no-frills functionality. The same goes for the polished satin surfaces and bevelled edges that surround the domed, anti-reflective sapphire crystal glass and the black veal leather strap (alligator leather in matte-black in the case of the L2) whose underside is bright red — a nod to the red-dot emblem as recognisable to the photography intelligentsia as Aston Martin's wings insignia is among automotive enthusiasts.

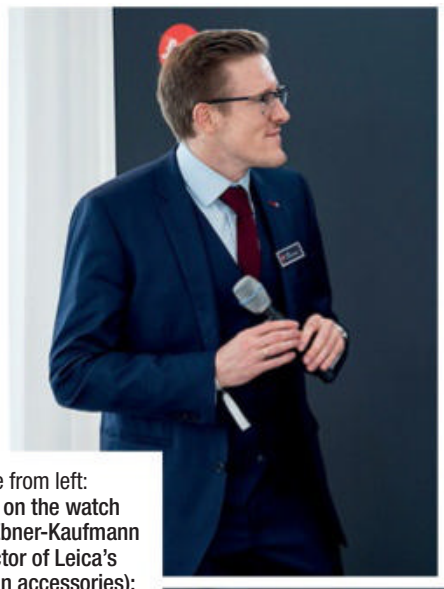
The watches' crowning glory (pun intended) is the patented push-crown and its correlating status indicator on the dial. The special knurling on said crown, which resets the small second hand to zero, is another nod to the brand's cameras, while the aforementioned domed glass recalls the front part of a camera lens. "From a technical aspect, I'm totally in love with the push-crown and the stop-second, as well as the power reserve that works like two aperture elements of a Leica camera lens," says Ebner-Kaufmann. "If you turn the GMT bezel on the L2, it always reminds me of when I turn the aperture ring on a Leica lens. From a design perspective, I'm hypnotised by the sophisticated polished hands and indices, and of course the beautiful display backs."

"When you fall in love, it's never easy, but we worked at it… It's a complication that does not look complicated."

Professor Achim Heine — one of Leica's longstanding designers, who conceptualised the watches' exteriors — agrees. "Together with Markus Lehmann [of Lehmann Präzision], we expanded and fine-tuned the idea of the push-crown," Heine says. "In contrast to conventional designs, whereby the crown must be pulled out to stop the movement and adjust the time, we wanted the crown to be pressed down, like the release button of a camera. The moment you push the crown, the watch stops and the second hand jumps to zero. Another click releases the movement again. This is an unusual detail that perfectly fits in with Leica's design ethos."

Without going into too much detail, Heine hints that the push-crown, as a micro-engineering project, threw up a few logistical hiccups. "When you fall in love, it's never easy, but we worked and worked and worked at it," he says, laughing. "The nice thing is, it's a complication that looks not very complicated, but it's actually very complicated indeed when you think of the whole construction process."

The manual winding Leica L1
with the patented push-crown.



Clockwise from left: The Leica L2 on the watch stand; Stefan Ebner-Kaufmann (Global Director of Leica's product division accessories); Dr. Andreas Kaufmann (Chairman of the Supervisory board); Leica L2 with additional GMT complication.

Heine hints that a large amount of flexibility, from all involved with the creative process, was key to achieving excellent results: "I often mention the American conceptual artist Jenny Holzer, whose text-based works include the phrase, 'Protect me from what I want'. My work with Leica isn't a case of fulfilling strict briefs. It's more like a game of creative ping-pong, free of borders — everyone plays a part in writing the narrative."

The design philosophy, he adds, was — paradoxically — to keep design to a minimum. "It was almost about reducing personal handwriting — the whole scenario where one designer says, 'Let's make something this shape just because it looks nice'. The look we've come up with gets around that, and instead becomes more attributable to engineering and functionality."

As for the ostensible incongruity of a premium camera producer creating a watch — it's hard to imagine IWC or Patek Philippe venturing into photography hardware — Heine says: "It's almost like a yin and yang scenario: two things that are not the same but which influence each other."

Dr. Andreas Kaufmann, Leica's Chief Executive, who purchased the company in 2004, tells *The Rake*: "The synergy between Leica and watches is based on several things. Firstly, because of the nature of the work, it's possible to turn a fine-precision optics guy into a very proficient watchmaker. Another connection is driven by brand character — we exist in very high-end retail spaces all over the world. Finally, it is all about time. Because with photography, you stop time in a single moment; with a watch, you follow and organise time. That's a profound connection."

Above: **Anti-reflective sapphire crystal transparent back, red inner side of strap.**

Below: **The Leica L2 worn on the wrist.**

Jemma Freeman at the offices of Hunters & Frankau in London.

SETTING THE WORLD ALIGHT

As the head of Hunters & Frankau, the exclusive U.K. distributor of Cuban cigars, Jemma Freeman occupies a rarefied position. She talks to **THE RAKE** *about her influences and what she's learned.*

by ***tom chamberlin*** *photography* ***kim lang***

There are rumours that when Jemma Freeman arrives in Havana, she is greeted by some kind of People's Fanfare. The court of St. James's has assigned an ambassador to Cuba, but even he knows he is but a non-exec compared to the plenipotentiary Chairman of Hunters & Frankau. Freeman is — and it is extraordinary when you think about it — the only woman in the world in her position, which was made perversely clear when she won the 2013 Habanos Man of the Year award. She is responsible for the importation of every single Cuban cigar into the United Kingdom and Gibraltar. Across the world, the Cuban government assigns monopolies to companies in different territories, charging them with the distribution of their most prized and combustible export. For a product that is ripe for forgery, in a similar vein to wine, the importers provide a guarantee of quality and trustworthiness. In fact, Jemma is considered by many to have provided the template by which her peers should conduct themselves.

"I love the magic of the lottery. I love that with every cigar, you are rolling the dice."

My golden rule is be kind. In business, be fair. I was once told that unless everyone comes out of a meeting feeling like they've got some of what they wanted, it's never going to work. Also, don't underestimate anybody. Some of the great surprises have come from people you least expect.

My first cigar was a Montecristo No.1, in the drawing room at home with my father, at a less than legal age. My favourite cigars are the Trinidad Fundadores, the Cohiba Lanceros and the El Rey del Mundo La Reina.

I understand why people feel the way they do about cigars because of Edward Sahakian. We were at a party held by Dunhill, and Edward had a packet of the old Fundadores, the 38-ring gauge, the original one. He gave me one, and that was the moment I understood it, as nothing else in that room mattered once I had that cigar. It was such a good cigar that everything I was worried about, nervous about or the fact that there were hundreds of people there just paled into insignificance. I also love the magic of the lottery. I love that with every cigar, you are rolling the dice. You know what the parameters are, but you don't know if you will win that day.

He would kill me for saying this, but my father [Nicholas Freeman, the late Chairman of Hunters & Frankau] didn't speak great Spanish — but he had some wonderful friends in Cuba, and it was because they sat there in quiet companionship enjoying a cigar. It's a wonderful connector.

The best lesson my parents taught me was to enjoy people, meeting people, being around people, in an airport, in a restaurant, at lunch, moving to a new place, going on holiday... Their endless enjoyment of their lives, which were underpinned by the people in it, has been a really good lesson.

My mother has had an amazing life. My dad has not been around for 20 years, but she is on the board of the company and is a very wise woman. In a different era, she'd have been quite a force to be reckoned with.

It was not my intention to go into the family business. I came out of a meeting with the warehouse manager and his wife, who sat me down and said I was crazy for not getting into the business, that I should try it out. It was only because my father died that I stepped in while my brother was away. That has worked out perfectly, as he has gone on to do something he loves, and I have done the same.

I wish someone had told me in my twenties that a mentor would be incredibly helpful. I think it is a very good piece of advice to give somebody. I have had some very good mentors. It is not a formal thing, it is just a role that people take on, or people with whom a relationship is developed. Edward Sahakian would be included in that, but it is hard, as in some ways I feel like Edward is my father, though he never treats me like that. Just watching him, being in his presence for an

hour, is like being with the best mentor imaginable. He has an amazingly elegant, subtle way; you always leave feeling like you have taken something new on board.

The major business challenge in 2022 is legislation. The world's attitude to smoking has changed immeasurably in the last 25 years, and it has been a great challenge for cigars to stay relevant and to try to find a voice in what is essentially a proscriptive environment. Finding a new generation of cigar smokers — when I worked in a cigar shop when I was younger, the average age of the customer was significantly older than it is now. Which is a very good sign.

The training has vastly improved over the years. This comes from people's desire to experiment a bit more, to be challenged a bit more. Curiosity and the internet meant that the consumer could know as much as someone serving them in a shop, so that meant that [the professionals] had to keep learning to keep the pace. The training has gone from incredibly basic to incredibly detailed, right up to the Masters [of Havana] programme. If there is ever an example of bringing young, bright, motivated people into an industry and creating a career path that didn't exist — it is almost like being a wine sommelier now.

We have to split Covid into two columns, one of which is the time that people had. We had plenty of people tell us that they had the time to do what they had wanted to for years, which was to learn about cigars. Covid gave us extra time in the day not commuting. If that time was spent doing something you love, then tick. Also, people were not able to travel, and it is much cheaper to buy abroad, so what we saw was just how vibrant the market is but how much we would otherwise lose just through pricing. The moment you get rumours of shortages, you get people stockpiling, and this goes from loo paper to Cohiba Esplendidos.

> **"The moment you get rumours of shortages, you get people stockpiling, and this goes from loo paper to Cohiba Esplendidos."**

One of the things that has been really interesting to watch over the last decade is how the retail environment outside London has thrived. Those of us who live in London think it is everything, and it is not. We are seeing across the country that there are some top-standard retailers with a great clientele outside the M25.

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BOO GEORGE

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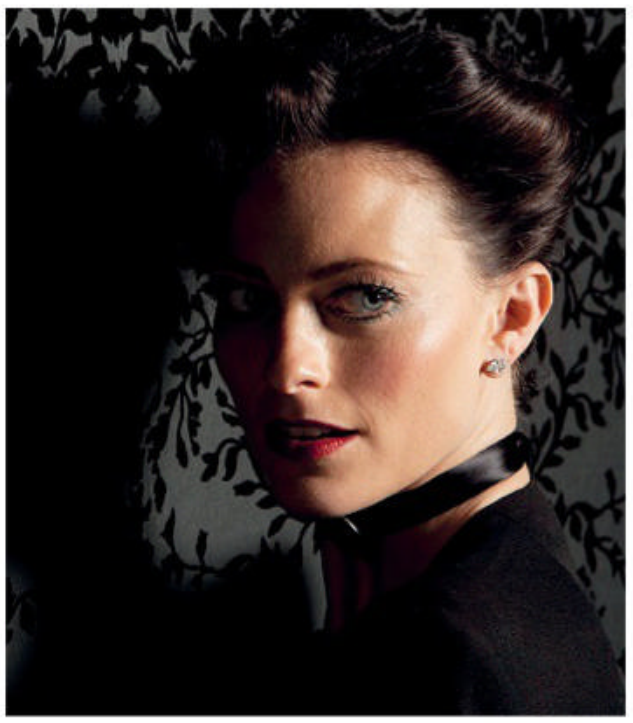
We tip our deerstalker to Irene Adler, Sherlock Holmes's most intriguing nemesis… or should that be crush?

RAKE INCARNATE

by ***david smiedt***

Those on even nodding terms with literature's greatest detective (sorry, Hercule) will know that Irene Adler has intrigued fans of Sherlock Holmes for generations — in everything from the original prose to some rather risqué manga of the now. Her continued presence in the Holmes-sphere is surprising when you consider that she appears only once in Arthur Conan Doyle's original canon — in the 1891 short story *A Scandal in Bohemia*, where she is an American-born opera singer falsely accused of being a courtesan.



There are several possible real-life inspirations for Adler, among them Lola Montez, Lillie Langtry and Ludmilla Stubel — all stage performers who respectively bedded Ludwig I of Bavaria, Edward, the Prince of Wales, and Archduke Johann Salvator of Austria. In other words, women of considerable charm in close proximity to power. Fast forward to the present day, and the Adler we are most drawn to, above, is Lara Pulver's portrayal against (almost but not quite literally) Benedict Cumberbatch.

Adler is not only a blackmailer of no conscience but a dominatrix of considerable talent — or, as Sherlock's brother, Mycroft, more tactfully puts it, a dispenser of "recreational scolding". Wherever she appears on the Baker Street timeline, Adler is an undeniable presence. She is obviously beautiful — Holmes describes her as "a lovely woman, with a face a man might die for". But Adler's real draw is two-fold.

First of all, she is deliciously amoral. She will use whatever tools are in her formidable armoury to achieve her goals. Even if that means playing Holmes off against his arch enemy, Moriarty, with nary the bat of an immaculate lash — be it eye or whip. Of course, she has the power to seduce, flatter and cajole, but it's her ability to intrigue — both us and Sherlock — that has kept Adler at the forefront of our minds.

One of her most devastating weapons in this regard is ambivalence. It's the one attitude that Holmes is utterly unprepared for. While all and sundry pick their jaws off the floor as Sherlock draws uncanny conclusions from the smallest detail — "the scuff on your left heel suggests you lead when you tango" — Irene sees it for the parlour trick it is, and responds with whatever the Victorian equivalent of 'meh' was.

She becomes more beguiling when you realise she is not only Holmes's equal in many regards but arguably his better. Take disguises, for example. We learn from Adler that she often dressed as a chap to "take advantage of the freedom it gives". How good was she at it? Well, at one point in *A Scandal in Bohemia*, she saunters past Holmes and Watson outside 221B Baker Street as a young man and wishes them good night without either clocking her.

Irene Adler — later married, with the name Norton — has predictably been featured as a veiled love interest for Holmes over a number of decades. But this is a disservice both to Conan Doyle's original vision and you, dear reader. Because neither Adler nor Holmes need this trite and lazy device to add dimension to their characters or dynamic.

Adler haunts the modern literary and pop-culture landscape to a degree that belies her quiet debut. She and Holmes had a child who became Nero Wolf in the author John Lescroart's 1980s series. The novelist Carole Nelson Douglas went a step further, making Adler the protagonist in her books, with Holmes a mere supporting player. And that's just a taste of the spin-off books. There are also radio plays, theatre outings, films, serials, and — God help us — a Broadway musical called *Baker Street* in which Adler is a narrative nexus.

Perhaps the best summation of Adler should be left to the man who created her — Conan Doyle — and could never have foreseen how she would become the chiaroscuro counterpoint to Holmes in perpetuity. "To Sherlock Holmes, she is always The Woman," the author said. "I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex."

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